

The Improvement

ERA



JANUARY, 1934

Volume 37 - Number 1

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Salt Lake City, Utah

We Join Ye Olde Towne Crier *in wishing you a*



All of us—all the time—are wishing people a Happy New Year, but—
WHAT DO WE EVER DO TO MAKE THOSE WISHES COME TRUE?

We have no way of knowing what you are going to do, but we are willing to go on record with our resolutions. Here they are:

FOR OUR READERS—

We are going to prepare a magazine which will be good for every member of the family and all of the friends of the family. We expect to furnish you with twelve beautiful covers, beginning with this one; thirty or more fine stories, each good for the soul, by the best writers who contribute to our pages; more than 100 articles, illustrated; fully 150 poems by the best of our sweet singers; twelve reproductions of paintings by Utah artists; and loads of other good things in the messages, the department, Your Page and Ours.

FOR OUR CONTRIBUTORS—

We have in our hearts love and the heartiest good wishes for a successful year.

There they are—Our New Year's Resolutions.

FOR OUR ADVERTISERS—

The best medium for the advertisement of high-grade products in the intermountain West, because we have the best grade of readers to be found in any country who want wholesome, dependable merchandise along with fresh and dependable editorial content.

FOR THE WORLD—

Love for all that is fine and good, and stiff opposition to all that is evil or that is designed to destroy the Bodies, the Minds, or the Souls of men. . . .

THE BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL STAFFS

The IMPROVEMENT ERA

50 North Main Street Salt Lake City, Utah

A MAGAZINE FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

The Improvement ERA

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Volume 37

JANUARY, 1934

Number 1

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A MAGAZINE FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, Mutual Improvement Associations and Department of Education

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"Delphinium and Roses," by Mary Teasdel

A Message

From

and Greetings

The First Presidency

of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints



IN our Christmas Greeting and Message, sent out a year ago to our Brethren and Sisters of the Church, and our many friends who are not affiliated with it, we called attention to the wide spread confusion and distress which prevailed among the people of the world, a condition never before experienced under similar circumstances.

Surrounded by abundance, with elevators overflowing with wheat, warehouses stored to capacity with manufactured goods, millions of our fellow citizens were without the common necessities of life.

These people did not ask for charity, they pled for work, for occupation by means of which they might honestly earn a stipend which would enable them to provide for their families the common necessities of life, and for their children the opportunity of education to which every child is entitled.

Through the liberality of a beneficent government, and the liberal contributions of those who were more fortunately situated, agencies were established for the distribution of needed aid, with the result that winter passed with little, if any, actual suffering. We enter the present winter with general conditions greatly improved, but by no means entirely composed.

The relief agencies to which reference has been made, are operating with greater efficiency than heretofore. We appeal to members of the Church who may be in financial circumstances to justify, to give liberally in support of the agencies which have been set up by the Government, the States, the Counties, cities and private charitable organizations, to the end that the necessities of the needy may be provided for during the present winter.

During the year that has passed since our last message, great political changes have come to our country. Among these the repeal of the eighteenth amendment to our Federal Constitution, which prohibited the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors within the area of the United States, is perhaps the most far reaching and important.

It is obvious that these changed conditions should have little, if any, effect upon the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Its members have always stood for temperance; they still stand for temperance, and should unitedly use their influence for the enactment of rational laws which will hold the liquor traffic in proper restraint, that we may never return to the golden age of the bootlegger, or the

intolerable conditions which preceded him.

Without reserve we endorse the attitude of the President of the United States when he says: "To take the life of a person without due process of law is murder." It has always been, and still continues to be a fundamental doctrine of the Church that: "The murderer has not eternal life abiding in him."

Notwithstanding the vexatious delays of the laws, the uncertainty of the verdict to be pronounced by judge or jury, by which violators of the law who are obviously guilty are too frequently acquitted and turned loose on the community, to again kill, kidnap or rob, we admonish members of the Church to refrain from participation in acts of lawlessness, and to advise others to refrain from all association with mobs.

As Christmas comes and passes, and we contemplate its importance to us, and the people of the world we forget, for the moment the earthly burdens which we bear: the world depression, our depleted bank account, the note which falls due on the first of the New Year, as we turn with irresistible impulse to the shepherds who kept watch over their flocks by night on the hills of Judea, and with them shout: "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

"And the Angel said unto them: Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."

Christ, the long expected Redeemer of mankind, the Son of God had come to earth. In Him the law of Moses was fulfilled, the bands of death with which man had been fettered from the beginning of time are broken. As we think of him the sting of death is made more tolerable, the victory of the grave is swallowed up in the hope of a glorious resurrection.

"And, behold, the veil of the temple was rent in twain from the top to the bottom; and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent; and the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints which slept arose, and came out of the graves after the resurrection, and went into the holy city, and appeared unto many." (Matt. 27:51-53.)

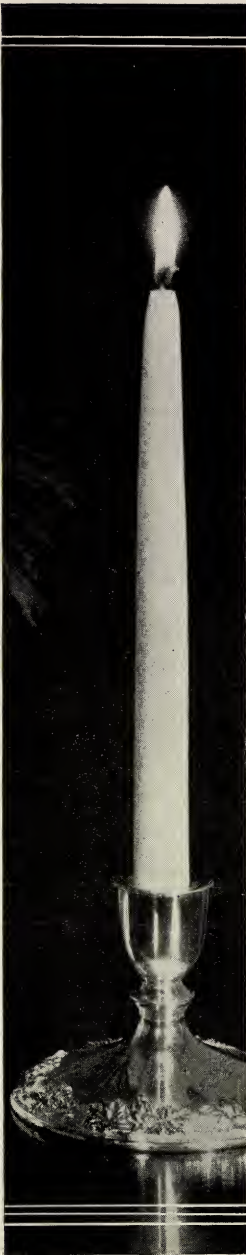
That the spirit of the Christ may pervade this Christmas tide, and incline the hearts of men the world over to peace, fraternity and love is our earnest prayer for all.

John D. Edwards
Alvin W. Kimball
John H. Beardsley

CAREER

By

MABEL SPANDE HARMER



THE making of the Christmas cake was as much a rite in the Mathews family as trimming the tree or hanging the stockings. Everyone participated from Daddy, who cracked the nuts, down to small Maizie, whose chief contribution was getting in everyone's way generally and 'scraping the pan' after the greater part of its contents had been transferred to the baking dish.

Dr. Jim—uncle and arch favorite of the Mathews tribe—entered unannounced via the back door just as preparations had reached the dramatic stage of having great handfuls of chopped raisins added to the main ingredients.

"Fe, fi, fo, fum, I smell," came a deep voice.

"Hi, you ain't smelled nuthin' yet! Wait till she starts baking," shouted eight year old Donald.

"Oh, my dear, such grammar!" reproved his mother.

"We can't be bothered with grammar at a time like this, can we, Sonny?" said Dr. Jim, rubbing Donald's head much as one would a pet puppy's.

"Jim! how can you expect me to teach these children anything when you come right along and spoil them?"

"I never said I expected you to teach them anything, did I? And spoiling them is my special privilege. You've always spoiled me, now it's my turn."

Martha laughed and went back to mixing the cake.

"How soon do we get a piece?" asked Jim presently.

"Not till Christmas—not for three whole weeks," remarked Anne with emphasis.

"Well, I'll get some anyway. I'm coming to dinner. Lots of people wanted me but I said—no. I'll give the Mathews family the preference. They always have the biggest turkey."

"So now that load is off our minds," laughed Martha in answer to his banter.

"Santa Claus is tummin'," remarked Maizie, solemnly.

"And Aunt Louise," added Donald.

"Oh, to dinner? Well then, perhaps there won't be room for me."

"No," Donald was a bit provoked at his uncle's stupidity, "of course not to dinner! Santa Claus is just coming to bring us presents and Aunt Louise is coming to stay two whole weeks."

Jim turned to his sister. "Is Frank coming too?"

"No. She says that Frank is going to some lodge near San Francisco to spend the holidays with friends." Martha's voice rather indicated a lack of approval.

"I understand that they've been doing pretty well down there," Jim resumed.

"Financially, yes. Frank is a good business man."

"Well, aren't they getting along all right otherwise?"

"Yes, as far as I know." Martha's tone did not carry complete conviction. Louise is considering taking up her music professionally again. She says she must have something to take up her time. She may go East to study soon after Christmas."

Martha poured the cake batter into the waiting tins and handed the almost empty pan over to the expectant Maizie.

"Come into the living room Jim," she said after the cake was safe in the oven. "It's been ages since I had a good talk with you."

JIM followed his sister into the cheerful room and settled down into a large armchair before the glowing fireplace.



A baby, a real, live baby, is cute in a bath-basin. Dear old Martha knew it, for she had babies of her own.



"Take your time," he said, stretching his long legs out, "Because as soon as you finish I shall feel duty bound to be on my way—and I'd much rather stay here."

"Are you working too hard, Jim?" Martha could not resist mothering everyone who came her way.

"Hard enough," he admitted. "Winter always brings so much more sickness. I had a bad case last night. Mrs. Geoghan down on Wilson Lane died."

"Oh, Jim, how terrible! What are they going to do?"

"The father says he can manage the two older children—but he hasn't a soul to take care of the baby. He wants me to find a home for it."

"Why the very thing!" she exclaimed with surprising animation. "Bring it to me."

"Sure, that would be fine for you to take it for a day or two until a home could be found."

"Oh, no! I want it to keep."

"Nonsense, Martha—what in the world do you want with another baby?"

"What does anyone want with another baby? To love it and take care of it, of course. Maizie is three now and it wouldn't seem half like Christmas without a baby."

"Well you could wait a while, couldn't you," he drawled. "Haven't I done pretty well by you in the past? What would Spencer say about a short order to the stork?"

"Jim, I'm in dead earnest. Please bring me that baby tonight. Can it be done without a lot of red tape?"

"Yes," practically none as long as the father gives it away—and if you're really determined—" he stood up and began drawing on his big coat.

"I'm really determined, Jim," she answered with

sparkling eyes as she let him out the front door and sent him away with a sisterly kiss.

Late that evening after Martha had seen the last of her brood off to bed, there came a knock at the front door, which she opened to find Jim standing on the porch with a tiny blanket-wrapped figure in his arms.

"I have a package for Mrs. Spencer Mathews marked 'Handle with care'," he began.

"Stop your nonsense and come in," said Martha, and as he stepped inside she took the baby from him and quickly began removing its numerous coverings.

The bit of humanity disclosed stretched out a tightly doubled fist and then snuggled it back against his cheek without opening his eyes.

"Don't you dare wake him," cautioned Jim, "or I shall have to take him riding again. He was doing a regular Caruso act before I put him in the back seat of the car. However from now on—that is your worry, not mine."

"Oh—it's a boy, is it?" said Martha, softly, "Spencer, come quickly and see. Jim! he has red hair!"

"Sure," said Jim proudly, "Red headed ones are the hardest kind to get. Besides you didn't specify any color. You can be glad his skin is white."

"I think red hair is class," volunteered Spencer. "I'll bet he grows up to be a fighter."

"Might do, at that," continued Jim. "He's Irish."

"How old is he?" asked Martha.

"Just three weeks, and he can walk, talk and ride a bicycle."

"Come on, Baby," said Martha gathering him up, "there's a nice warm bed waiting for you. Be sure you leave me a formula for his feedings," she called back to Jim as she disappeared with the baby into the bedroom.

THE children's delight when they discovered the unex-



pected arrival the next morning was hard to control and Martha was much relieved when she had packed the elder two off to school and had only Maizie's doubtful assistance for the bath.

Their excitement was raised to a higher pitch the following day by the arrival of their Aunt Louise—charming, golden haired sister of their father's. She was just as delighted to see them and complimented each in turn on the marvelous growth attained since her last visit two years before.

She had hardly been allowed to remove her hat before Maizie announced proudly, "We've got a new baby."

"A new baby doll?" queried Louise sweetly, as she stooped to give Maizie another kiss.

"No," interposed Donald stoutly, "a real, live baby and it drinks from a bottle."

"And cries," added Maizie. "Not very much," said Anne, coming quickly to Baby's defense. "it's a very good baby."

"Why, Martha," said Louise in surprise, "you didn't tell us. When did this happen?"

"Only yesterday. I'll tell you about it later."

That evening as the two women sat alone before the fireplace Louise asked, "For goodness sake, tell me about that baby. I'm burning with curiosity."

"There's nothing much to tell. I just decided I wanted to adopt a baby and Jim found this one for me."

"But what in the world did you want with another baby? Hardly anyone has more than three now-days."

"Then hardly anyone knows what she is missing. Four babies are ever so much more fun than three."

"But why adopt one? I should think you would rather have one of your own."

"So we would," agreed Martha, "but this one needed a home and besides we've never had a red headed one," she added with a twinkle in her eye.

"Well," said Louise, with a shrug of her shoulders, "you're beyond me. I only hope you won't be sorry."

"I hope I won't," agreed Martha earnestly.

The talk turned to Louise's own

The Frontispiece

By ALICE MERRILL HORNE

DELPHINIUM AND ROSES. "a rare still life, originating in her own California garden is by the Utah Artist, Mary Teasdel. The classic which appears as Frontispiece in the January, 1934 Era, has something of the old master flavor in its subtle arrangement of delightful and varied blues spread in interesting design by use of delphinium and pieces of pottery. The tenderness that always attends Teasdel canvases is there.

The flower quality, so difficult in pink roses, keeps her canvases, which otherwise might appear to be somewhat crowded, loose and airy. We love her dignity. No effort is made to tickle the eye with unnecessary blandishments. To avoid this she has almost bordered on stiffness.

The story of Mary Teasdel's life is a classic. Mary once was a poor little rich girl whose father thought it noble of parents and brothers to provide for the women of their household. Mary could study art to the point of the professional artist; more than that was not compatible with her father's position in his successful business life. Mary was intelligent and ambitious. She began religiously to save her allowance with the ultimate hope of crowning her hopes with an art career. By pinching along she studied art three years in Paris. She won, with a portrait, a place in the Paris Salon, the first woman, though Harwood her teacher and Dallin her friend and adviser in France, had both preceded her in winning this honor. Mary got three miniature portraits in the French exposition, but fortunately for her and her type of mentality, and for her tendency toward a freer handling of art, she became a student of the James McNeil Whistler art studio, which considerably broadened her scope and powers. Whistler though buffeted by acid critics, was dominating a new art world; he was discovering to the art field the Japanese and Chinese spirit of true design and turning them to European account. Mary's interests led her into rich fields: art, music, gardening, architecture, wide reading, considerable travel, much of which was vouchsafed before the Teasdel financial losses. Her interest, too, in world economic events carried her far.

On her return to Utah she took part in the Utah Art Institute as second president. She also won state prizes, and these important canvases hang in the State Alice Art Collection in the Dome Gallery of the Capitol. She returned again to Europe for study. A comprehensive collection of thirty-two paintings, representing this period of Mary Teasdel's life and several years later spent in California, is now named for her and owned by Smithfield City and hangs in the Carnegie Public Library. Each of these small paintings has been called a poem by Lee Greene Richards, and already eight artists have presented the collection with one of their own works of art in recognition of this deserved memorial to Mary Teasdel.

Miss Teasdel is an art critic, minus the vitriol that, too often attends the gift of criticism which destroys instead of being constructive.

affairs and her plans of going East to study.

"Won't Frank miss you terribly?"

Louise shook her head. "I doubt it very much. I have been so discontented and cross of late that he may even be glad to get rid of me."

"Oh, no!" protested Martha, as she glanced at her sister-in-law's lovely face.

Louise entered with a zest into the varied activities of the Mathews household, doubly busy just now with the many preparations for Christmas. Each child begged her assistance in the serious matter of shopping for gifts and she pushed and labored through the crowds at the five and dime stores as she had not done for years.

She also tried to relieve Martha of some of the household duties, greatly increased now with the addition of small "Pat" as the children had promptly named him. Martha sometimes met Louise's offer of help with the suggestion that she undress the baby or give it a bottle. She was amused and puzzled to see the struggle that was caused by each attempt to do something for the baby. Louise seemed to enjoy handling him, once she had made up her mind to it, but she always seemed unwilling to make up her mind in the first place.

One day Martha threw her into a near panic by suggesting that she bathe the baby. "Oh, I never could!" she cried. "I'd be sure to drown him or something terrible."

"Nonsense—of course you can," said Martha in a matter of fact tone, "and I simply must get these pies in the oven. You'll find all of his things in that drawer—just spread them out on that table and I'll test the water when you get it in the tub."

LOUISE went to work with a do or die air and soon had the squirming infant on the table when she began gingerly unfastening various pins.

The bathing accomplished without catastrophe, she tackled the even harder ordeal of dressing the child. After putting on his shirt three times before she could determine which was the right side, she finally completed the dressing and held the baby up with a triumphant sigh.

"Now if you could just give me

(Continued on page 62)



THE WINNING CAMBRIDGE EIGHT OF 1933
The chief athletic contest between Oxford and Cambridge Universities is the Annual boat race on the river Thames. In beating Oxford by two and a quarter "lengths" this year, Cambridge set up a new record with ten consecutive wins. (The Times Copyright.)

The Older Universities of England Oxford and Cambridge

By
 DR. ARTHUR L. BEELEY

CECIL RHODES, that "coarse-grained" dreamer of South African fame, once said: "The Oxford system looks very impractical, yet wherever you turn your eye—except in science—an Oxford man is on top."

Such, by the way, is the faith that underlies the famous Rhodes scholarship scheme which brings to Oxford a constant stream

Oxford and Cambridge! Who has not heard of them? In this article Dr. Beeley gives a panoramic view of their influence among men. One gets the feeling that they are great power generating plants not only of the intellect but of the Spirit. This is the second article concerning the older universities of England written for The Improvement Era by Dr. Beeley. The former one appeared in the August number.

of some two hundred, hand-picked undergraduates from all parts of the English-speaking world. It also explains why Rhodes himself, early in his career, left the diamond mines to go "up" to that ancient seat of learning.

What really is the secret of Oxford's greatness? And of Cambridge, too, for it is equally eminent? What forces and traditions have

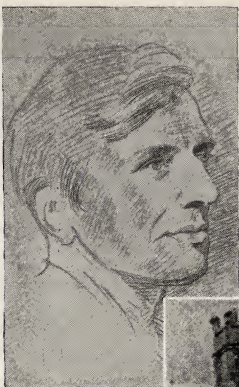
conspired to make these two universities the most distinguished institutions of their kind in the world? It cannot be their architectural beauty alone, unique as that is. Is it their age, for they are both over seven hundred years old? Surely it is not their size, for many English and American

universities (e. g., London and California) have a much larger student enrollment. Is it not, rather, the superb quality of their intellectual life; the great men and the significant movements they have produced; their consistent emphasis upon what H. A. L. Fisher has aptly called "a hearty and unaffected interest in the things of the mind;" upon the spirit of discovery and the eagerness to receive and impart knowledge? Let us see.

ONE of the specific reasons for the eminence of these two universities is that they have always been more national in scope than any of their contemporaries, despite the fact that they are both located in small, provincial towns of about sixty thousand population. Of the 5,600 full-time students at Cambridge in 1930-31, for example, less than one hundred were residents of Cambridge and its environs. Of the 4,600 students at Oxford, in this same year, only 44—all women—were local residents.

The international scope of these two universities is indicated by the fact that over ten per cent of their students come from foreign countries and from various parts of the British Empire outside of the British Isles.

These facts, in turn, explain another distinguishing feature of Oxford and Cambridge, namely, their residential character. More



By permission National Portrait Gallery, London

than half of the students live in the colleges and hotels of the universities, and the rest live in private lodgings in the vicinity of their particular college. As a result of this common life, which they share for almost twenty-four hours of the day, the students profoundly influence one another's lives and personalities. By the wise regulation and en-

college-tutorial system. There are about twenty colleges in each of these universities; the average number of students in each college is about 160 at Oxford and about 270 at Cambridge. Professor Ernest Barker (Universities of Great Britain) defines such a college as a unit both of residence and of education in which both teachers and students join together in a common life. Each college has its own staff of teachers ("fellows") who give personal instruction to the students.

This frequent, personal association of teacher and student, together with the absence of class instruction, is, without doubt, the most effective teaching technique known. It is calculated to inspire as well as to instruct. This particular form of pedagogical relationship has been the subject of frequent comment by all sorts of writers, but none so whimsical as that of Stephen Leacock (My Discovery of England), who observes:

"It is from him, or rather with him (the tutor) that the students learn all that they know. * * * I gather that what an Oxford tutor does is to get a little group of students together and smoke at them. Men who have been systematically

smoked at for four years turn into ripe scholars."



The Great Gate at Trinity College, London

Above—Cardinal Newman from chalk drawing by George Richmond, R. A.

couragement of these extra-academic contacts the older universities have thus made possible a second education which some, like Cardinal Newman, have held to be the more developmental of the two.

There is, perhaps, no feature of the older universities which has been so universally praised as their

ANOTHER distinctive feature of both Oxford and Cambridge is that the university, as such, is essentially a federation of the colleges, each one of which is more or less autonomous, and remains the unit of education and administration. The chancellor, masters and scholars of Oxford, for example, form a corporate body within which the colleges are so many individual corporations. The chan-



cellor is usually an eminent person in public life, elected by the governing body of the university for an indefinite period. At the present time, Viscount Grey is Chancellor of Oxford and the Hon. Stanley Baldwin is Chancellor of Cambridge. The vice-chancellor, however, is the resident executive head of the university; he is nominated annually by the chancellor and must be the head of a college.

[F, as is often held, there are two kinds of knowledge, *ex act* knowledge and the knowledge of values, then it is clear that Cambridge has excelled largely in the domain of the former and Oxford chiefly in the realm of the latter. This is not to imply that Oxford has spurned or neglected research; one need only to recall the Oxford Dictionary to correct such a judgment. Yet it is a well-known fact that Cambridge occupies an unrivalled position in the fields of pure and applied science, just as Oxford has been without a peer in the arts and as a training ground for statesmen, diplomats and civil servants generally.

These and many other points of similarity and difference between Oxford and Cambridge cannot be fully understood apart from their rise in the Middle Ages and their expansion in the Modern Period. Both institutions started from small beginnings and "broadened slowly down from precedent to precedent," until they became what they now are, "stately associations of learned men."

Oxford, with Paris and Bologna, was one of the three great medieval universities that arose in the latter half of the twelfth century; they became models for most of the other institutions of higher learning in Western Europe. Oxford first became a *studium generale*, that is, a recognized school of higher learning, about 1163. This designation, by the way, did not mean "a school of study for all subjects," but, as Sir Charles Robertson (*British Universities*) points out, merely a school or center of studies "for all fit per-

sons" and not of "all things fit for study."

The probable origin of Cambridge University, less than a century after Oxford began, has been suggested by John Willis Clark (*A Guide to the Town and University of Cambridge*), as follows:

"Some teacher on his travels—perhaps at the time of Stourbridge Fair—may have attracted an audience; his lectures may have been popular, and he may have been asked to repeat them in the following year; the great monasteries of the Fenland, and the smaller houses of the same Orders in Cambridge, may have associated themselves

could be admitted to the B. A. degree at Oxford. The national reaction against this form of bigotry became so widespread that it finally resulted in the movement which created the "newer" universities, beginning with University College, London, in 1828.

Equally striking has been the reluctance of the older universities to admit women as students and as teachers. While Oxford and Cambridge both established women's colleges as early as the 1870's women students were, nevertheless,

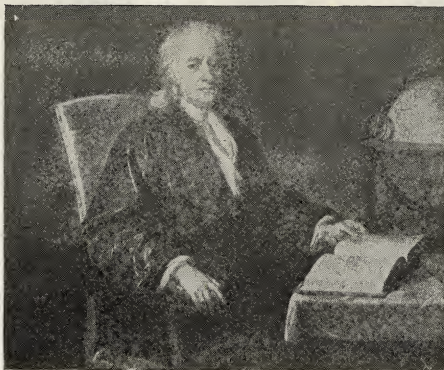
ineligible for degrees until after the World War. Moreover, women were not appointed to teaching posts at Cambridge until 1926 and at Oxford until 1927.

BUT the undying fame of Oxford and Cambridge, as of any university, lies in the number of great men they have produced and the wide range of significant movements they have fostered. Judged by the biblical criterion, "By their fruits ye shall know them," their achievements in this respect are unsurpassed.

Statesmanship and "majestic pose" have been the proverbial output of Oxford. Consider, for example, such great political leaders as Palmerston, The Elder Pitt, Gladstone, Lord Salisbury and Sir Robert Peel, to mention only a few. In the field of historical scholarship there are no greater names than William Stubbs, Frederick W. Maitland and Lord Bryce, who, with such social reformers as William Morris and John Ruskin, are but a sample of the Oxford product.

While science has never been the major preoccupation at Oxford, she can justly claim to have produced many great thinkers among whom might be mentioned Robert Boyle, "whose greatest delight was in chymistrey," and who counted among his pupils Christopher Wren, England's greatest scholar-architect, and John Locke, her outstanding philosopher. In the medical sciences she can also claim John Hunter, the great anatomist, William Harvey, the pioneer physiologist.

(Continued on page 34)



Sir Isaac Newton

with this educational movement; the required element of permanency may have thus been gained; and so, very gradually, the little body may have developed an organization of the required type, with a Rector and a body of Masters; after which the distinction of being called a *Studium Generale*—the medieval equivalent of a modern university—would in a very short time be conferred upon the new body.

From the start, Cambridge has been a friendly rival of Oxford. It is said that as early as 1209, the teaching at Cambridge was good enough to attract students from Oxford, and that "from that date, Cambridge flourished."

IT would take us too far afield to deal, even sketchily, with the rich history of these medieval seats of learning, except, perhaps, to note that, with a few striking exceptions, they have generally been the strongholds of religious orthodoxy. For generations their religious tests limited the admission of students to members of the Church of England. In fact, it was not until 1858 that a conscientious dissenter

Etta needed some ancestors in order to meet the specifications laid down by Bill's mother, and ancestors turn up in the most amazing fashion.



*Etta told all—about Bill and Bill's mother, about the ancestors, about everything. About the beachcomber King and Sae dust Sue. * * * Hallie was squealing with delight when she finished.*

THE BLOOD OF KINGS

By

Florence Hartman
Townsend

WILLIAM ALEXANDER SPRAGUE, JR. was acutely conscious that his office door was opening, therefore he frowned more intently than ever at the papers in front of him. It was out of his range of vision, but he knew, too, that Miss Callender's golden head was in the opening and that Miss Callender's blue eyes were regarding him questioningly. He went into a perfect agony of

frowns and lip-biting and tracings with his finger so she would know that he didn't know that she was there. It was a sort of game.

The door closed noiselessly behind her and she stood leaning against it, still regarding Mr. Sprague across the luxurious office

space. She did not move for so long that he grew nervous and looked around in spite of himself. And there she stood laughing at him. They both laughed. He rose, holding out his arms.

"Etta, you rogue!"

"Bill, you fraud!"

But she went to his arms without the slightest reluctance. He lifted her presently to a seat on the desk.

"Well?" she inquired.
"It's all right. We'll just be married anyway."

"So mama said 'no'?"

"Mama said 'no.' To be exact she said it three times, 'no, no, no,' just like that."

They thought it terribly funny.
"And another white man bit the dust, eh?"

"He did not. There's just one person in this world who can make me bite dust and that's you, precious. You won't give me a dusty answer will you, Etta? You will marry me in spite of mother?"

Etta shook her smooth golden head. "What did she say about me, exactly? It's so easy to condemn people we don't know."

"Does it matter?"

"Yes, it matters a lot. I mean to get her viewpoint if I can. Maybe there are obstacles to remove. And how can I remove them if I don't know what they are? What are her prejudices?"

"For one thing she said you were a mere stenographer. It was useless for me to tell her you couldn't be mere if you tried. Then she says you are socially and historically a nobody. The Callenders, it seems, are not on Philadelphia's social roster. She does not recognize the name as having any financial, political, professional, military or marine significance, whereas the Spragues, you know—"

"Yes, I know."

They sat staring a moment in silence.

"I'm just a nobody; that's it, isn't it? And Spragues cannot marry nobodies. I don't suppose my own personal accomplishments would interest her? The fact, for instance, that I passed my bar examination last week with the highest average of any student in night school. No. That's only me. I need some ancestors. That right, Bill?"

"In my opinion you don't need

anything but me. Drat ancestors! I don't care whether I had any or not. All I want is my little golden girl."

"But that's not getting her viewpoint, Bill. All the ancestor-worship isn't confined to the far east. There's gobs of it right here in Philly; people who spend thousands of dollars having their ancestry traced. Who—"

"I know it. Mother's at it now. She has already had the paternal skeletons dragged out and she's going to the capitol Wednesday to see a Miss McCarr or somebody about her mother's people, the

ing notes on her pad. "And the genealogist is Miss McCarr?"

"Something like that."

"Thanks, Billy boy. Now, any letters?"

SHE slid off the desk and sat down to take his dictation. The letters had accumulated. They worked for an hour. There were briefs to fill out and a dozen legal documents to go over. When they had finished Etta rose and faced him. She put her hands on his shoulders.

"Bill, I love you. I love you in spite of your ancestors. But this can't go on. I can't go into a family that would look down on me.

If this charming little episode is ever mentioned, Hobbs, your body will be found floating down the Delaware in your winter underwear. Now get that tray sent up pronto."



Mrs. Sprague held the paper a trifle closer and read again.



Kings. What difference it makes I can't see. They're all dead, but darn it, I'm alive and I want to live now," he said fiercely. "But I don't matter because I'm not dead—and I'm not an ancestor!"

Etta laughed a silvery little laugh and rumbled his hair.

"You are somebody's bad little boy."

He caught her hand and nibbled the pink fingers.

"You say your mother's going to Washington Wednesday?"

"Yes."

Etta was mak-

Tell your mother that for me." She slipped a modest diamond ring off her finger and laid it on his palm.

"Etta! You're not—giving me up?"

"Giving you up? No! I'm going to fight for you as nobody ever fought before. I don't know exactly what I'm going to do, but it's going to be something. You need not mention this to your mother. My resignation will be on your father's desk within an hour. I'm leaving, Sprague, Sprague and Sprague today."

"But, Etta—"

"Goodbye, Bill."

* * *

When Hallie Wethered let herself into the apartment she shared with Etta Callender she found the latter sitting in the middle of the floor, packing.

"Etta!"

"Hello, Hal. Do call and see about the next train to Washington, there's a dear."

"To Washington?"

"The capital of your country, lovely, located in the District of Columbia, a lady of much renown, in the state of Maryland, pronounced M-e-r-r-y-l-a-n-d."

"Now I *know* it's serious. Etta Callender, tell me exactly what's the matter!"

"Nothing. At least, nearly nothing. A haughty old ancestor merely toed me out of the triple-antennaed firm of Sprague, and I'm going down to Washington to tell Uncle Sam about it. I've licked enough of his postage stamps that he ought to be willing to lick something for me, especially anything as lifeless as an ancestor."

Hallie, still hatted and cloaked, walked with determined tread the narrow space that separated them and lifted Etta's chin with her hand.

"I knew it! You've been crying! Who's been mean to you, darling? Tell Hallie."

Her friend was on her knees beside her, stroking her hair.

"Oh, shut up! You know I never cry!" blowing her nose vigorously on a handkerchief she had fished from Hallie's pocket. "I always take cold this kind of weather. Every time you see my nose running you think you're on the trail of a sob story for your precious newspaper. You're hipped on the subject. Now get in that call."

A few days later Hallie received a hasty communication from her friend. It read, "Have the most thrilling job. It pays but a pittance in the coin of the realm, but in fun—! I'm working for a genealogist, Miss McCarr. Write me in care of Miss Henrietta Call, 906 _____ Street. More later."

IT had not been a miracle that had secured for Etta the job with Miss McCarr. It had been a mixture of sound sense, audacity, personality and pluck. Miss McCarr hadn't really needed another assistant, but Etta had gone to Washington to get that job. She had given the name of Henrietta Call—her real name—so far as it went. She had become thoroughly established by Wednesday.

She was glad Mrs. Sprague did not know her at sight. It would simplify matters immensely should they come in contact with each other now. Back at the office it had smarted a little to have Mrs. Sprague sweep through the outer offices with never a glance at the poor ancestorless girls who pounded typewriter keys for a living. Now, well, it was something to thank Providence for.

Miss McCarr personally took the facts of Mrs. Sprague's King ancestry as far as Mrs. Sprague knew it, which wasn't far, only to her grandfather, who had a mercantile establishment in Madisonville, N. J. She wanted to know all about

her people. She had a feeling, Mrs. Sprague did, that the noted Commodore King was her great grandfather. Or perhaps Elkanah King, the noted biographer of England, was her great grandfather, and Elizabeth King, who had married the Duke of Pomeroy, her great aunt. At any rate, she was pretty positive that she was directly descended from the nobility on her mother's side. And with an air that dared Miss McCarr to find it otherwise, Mrs. Sprague departed.

It did not take Etta long to learn the technique of tracing. And never was ancestry traced so assiduously as was the same Mrs. Sprague's maternal ancestry. The musty tomes that gave up their secrets! The legal documents that told all they knew! The city, county and state records that, relentlessly black and white, bore evidence of the deeds of men!

Miss McCarr went to New Jersey. She returned a little blue, more than slightly ashen. She sat down heavily in the office and faced her new stenographer. She wasted neither time nor words.

Mrs. Sprague's great grandfather was a beach combber. Her grandfather's sister kept a grog shop at Bayville. From all accounts it wasn't a pretty place. She was known as Sawdust Sue. The grandfather's mercantile establishment was a fish market. He had a brother who was a cooper. Records show him sued in the county courts for fraud." She paused. "And—I've got to tell her that!"

"I don't envy you."

Miss McCarr laughed. She could appreciate a joke on herself.

"I may put it off on you," she threatened.

"If the news were good news that would work. As it is, I imagine she would consider it a breach of confidence if she knew you told me."

The older woman nodded. "I guess you're right. Well, what have you been doing in my absence?"

"I've collected the data on the Perryton and Wainright families, complete, I believe. And—" she paused, flushing.

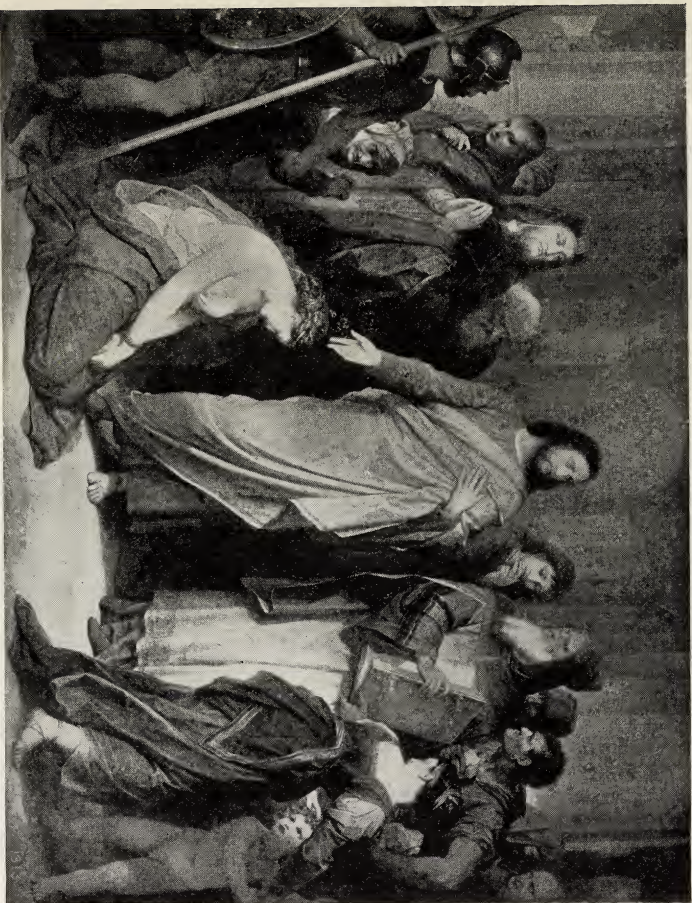
"And what?"

"I've been tracing my own family, Miss McCarr. I wonder if you'd mind looking over this when you have time, and verifying it for me?"

(Continued on page 57)



"New Skii Trails"



CHRIST AND THE WOMAN IN THE TEMPLE

By

HEINRICH JOHNN HOFFMAN

“He that is
without sin
among you,
let him first
cast a stone
at her.”

St. John 8:7.

The Colonization of "OGDEN"



Miles Goodyear cabin, first home in Ogden, now enclosed under roof on Ogden tabernacle square.

Glen S. Perrins, newspaper man of Ogden, reviews the early history of that interesting country surrounding his city. The photographs of the same scene in Ogden taken fifty years apart give some idea of the city's growth.



Ogden, Looking West Towards Lake Fifty Years Ago

Photo courtesy M. J. Compton.

IT seems a far away cry to hark back to the days of George Washington in this the Centennial year, yet the father of Captain James Brown, founder and colonizer of Ogden, fought with Washington in the Revolutionary War. And just east of where Ogden stands today a "revolutionary War" was fought between the American fur traders and the Hudson Bay fur traders.

The Americans succeeded in driving back the English and possessing the territory, then a "vast wilderness of perpetual snow, Indians and rattlesnakes and worthless land" as Webster said, and

Ogden was colonized with Americans in control. Ogden really should be named Brownsville, Browndale or some such name, however, for it was Captain James Brown who colonized the city. As it is the honor falls to Peter Skene Ogden, a Hudson Bay Company fur trapper who lived in the valley in the early 1800's.

As early as 1820 fur traders told of "Ogden Hole" on the northeast shore of Great Salt Lake. The exact locality of "Ogden Hole" was possibly in the cove in the mountains where North Ogden now stands. Some argue that it was above Ogden proper today in Og-

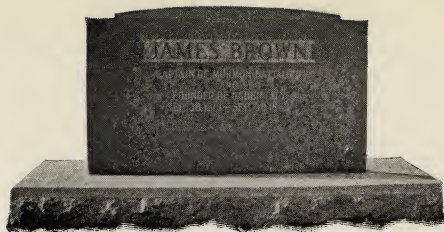
den Valley, but it is well known that Ogden tramped over the land where the city now stands.

INDIANS came from far and near to trade at "Ogden Hole." Over mountain passes they came—one route above the city along Ogden Canyon is still known as "the Indian Trail." The Indians camped at what is now 33rd Street and Weber River. The river bottoms there afforded good pasture for their horses. Relics were later found at this sandridge by white men and also on the bluff at Twenty-ninth Street and Adams Avenue where there is a brickyard.

By

GLEN PERRINS

HOLE"



Tomb of James Brown, Captain of Mormon Battalion, and founder of Ogden, located in the Ogden cemetery

The narrow pass now famous as "Devil's Gate" in Weber Canyon was also traveled by the Indians and white trappers alike, long before the Pioneers of 1847 crossed the plains to Utah. The hard name, "Devil's Gate" was given the pass by the early trappers even in those days before the colonizing of "Ogden Hole." Many a party bound for California at a later date left wagons behind as they tried to cross through the narrow pass with the swift river flowing below.

Ogden might have been the site of Salt Lake City had it not been for this "Devil's Gate," for it was Jim Bridger who advised the Mormon Pioneers to take the Hastings route when they camped with him at Ft. Bridger, Wyoming, on July 10, 1847. When the Pioneers left him, instead of going over the Divide as those who later did during the colonizing of "Ogden Hole," the Mormons went into the valley to the West. The Pioneers came over the mountains to Emigration Canyon July 24, 1847, and thus avoided the "Devil's Gate" hazard—and the colonizing of "Ogden Hole" was delayed.

Jim Bridger's "neighbor," Miles Goodyear, a slim, little red-haired man of Connecticut, with freckles spotting his sandy complexion and with freckles and red hair on the backs of his wrists, however, preferred the route over the divide to the one followed by the Pioneers. He liked "Ogden Hole." It was now his fur trading post.

Peter Skene Ogden had faded out of the picture shortly after the battle in the canyon east of Ogden between the American and British fur traders, and Miles Goodyear had stayed on. Lieutenant John Charles Fremont had also

come (in 1843) and gone, as had Jedediah S. Smith, Captain Bonneville and other explorers. Over the Indian trails trappers came, some of them on their way to Old Fort Hall, 10 miles west of where Pocatello, Idaho, now stands—said to be the first white settlement west of the Rockies.

Miles Goodyear liked "Ogden Hole" so well that he built himself a stockade there of logs, six to eight inches thick, set in the ground and standing 12 to 14 feet high about a plot of ground 100 feet square. The tops of the logs were tapered to a point.

MILES had no plan to colonize "Ogden Hole," however. His stockade was merely a trading post for himself and his men, who helped build several log cabins inside the stockade. It was a western stronghold with little platforms built at convenient points along the walls where riflemen could

stand and fire through openings at attackers. The portholes were made by cutting off the top of a log in the wall at a height of about 9 feet. Other logs were set just outside the line of the wall so as to conceal the riflemen from view.

There were Indians in those days who tried many times to raid the Goodyear stockade where the trapper and his men and their Indian squaws lived and kept their sleek cattle. Cattle pens, about 150 feet square, adjoined the main stockade on the northeast corner, and communicating with it. Portholes commanded the approach to these pens in which were cattle and sheep and over 100 white-and-black Mexican goats. Miles also had beautiful riding horses, a string of pacing saddle nags of the celebrated Oregon, or copper-bottom strain. Indian herders helped take care of these horses and the herd of milk cows.

(Continued on page 35)



Ogden Today, Looking Toward the Lake

Marwin Jonas, one of the greatest football centers that ever was produced in the intermountain West, in this very interesting article gives his reactions to professional football. Jonas, by the way, has been an outstanding M Man in the Mutual Improvement organizations of Salt Lake City where he is now teaching school.

The OTHER SIDE



Jonas's team waiting
for the train

Of course it would be a sorry profession to follow permanently and I'm glad I'm through." This is the sentiment in regard to professional football as expressed by the greatest player in the present decade—Earl "Dutch" Clark. Clark had the distinction of being the All-American quarterback in college and in professional football. Statements such as this and the feelings of other professional stars as expressed to me during my brief sojourn in professionalism, are enough to cause all of us to wonder just what it is, about professional football, that is so two-faced—that is, its being so attractive and yet, in the final analysis, not attractive at all.

During the past few years it has been our pleasure to read only those articles which favored the professional contest over the amateur collegiate contest, namely those by Red Grange and Benny Friedman.* They have been two of the

most devout exponents of professional football, yet both received their glory, their fame, most of their friends, and most of their opportunities through their collegiate football, but money does make some people change their minds. Therefore, it will be my endeavor to present some of the unheard of phases of professional football which might incidentally vindicate the recent action of present football stars in refusing to give the professional game a try. Critics have been severe on some players for their refusing to consider professionalism and I think it has been very unjust and hope that my conclusions will be substantiated.

It seems as though it was Red Grange who struck the keynote of the differences in the two types of football when he said that college football has two things that professional football does not: (1) Pregame emotional frenzy; (2) Inspiration of great coaches. To me, the second phase is very important. Is it not important in all walks of life? Isn't the in-

spiration of leaders so necessary now in everything?

I know of no "pro" team who has an "Ike" Armstrong for a coach. The nearest approach to him at present is his own friend, Potsey Clark, Portsmouth Coach, for whom Dutch Clark played, but even he cannot instill life-giving inspiration into his men as Ike does. Ike is a truly dominant example to any football player or to any youth. Ike is a man who abstains from liquors, tobaccos and profanity. He is a man who instills one with the desire to be clean of body, mind and soul. He encourages diligent scholastic study. School books are the vogue on the Pullmans when traveling. Practically every other team plays cards to consume time spent on trains. Ike himself has learned and taught

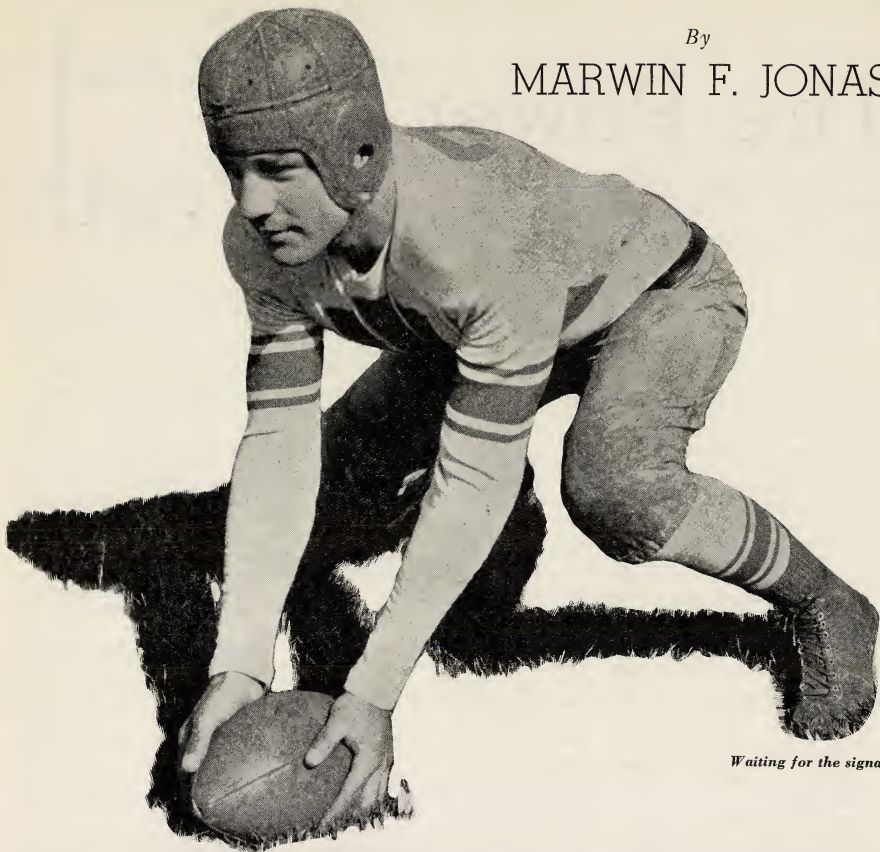


An idle moment

*Friedman in an article in a national magazine recently took the same attitude as expressed here by Jonas.

By

MARWIN F. JONAS

*Waiting for the signal*

all of us that the best scholars are the finest and most dependable athletes. Professional football cannot possibly match this type of coaching. Neither can the inspiring work of an Ott Romney be matched.

[N comparison let me describe the coach for whom I played as a "pro"—a man who consumed more tobacco in one day than a good smoker does in one week, and most of that being done while on the field of practice. He swore more vehemently and more often than the proverbial mule team driver. He was a man who permitted unwholesome conversation and actions. True, he is an extreme. Not all professional coaches are alike.

Of the types of coaches mentioned, you conscientious parents know whom you would have your son influenced by. Youths, you know whom you would aspire to play with. Armstrongs, Romneys, Rocknes, are not found in professional football.

Of course, professional players feel that they are not in need of inspirational leaders. They feel as though they know enough now and need not be inspired to that frenzied emotional pitch. Most of them feel as though they know as much as the coach. While watching a professional game, the spectator would immediately become aware of that lack of enthusiasm. He would notice a haphazardness that is boring to say the least, for

a "pro" game is a very colorless affair—no snap, no zest, no dash, no extra effort. The only thing the player has in mind while playing is a handsome check that should follow each game. Thus, all having the same incentive, they work just enough to get by.

An element which is necessary for successful football, but which is lacking in professionalism is the utter lack of fun. Athletics just aren't athletics when this element of fun is removed. Possibly this excerpt from an article appearing in a magazine will illustrate my point of view to some degree:

"As I look back now over the football career of _____, it seems to me that the least important

(Continued on page 30)

By

William George Jordan

The Power of Truth

People Who Live in Air Castles

LIVING in an air-castle is about as profitable as owning a half-interest in a rain-bow. It is no more nourishing than a dinner of twelve courses—eaten in a dream. Air-castles are built of golden moments of time, and their only value is in the raw material thus rendered valueless.

The atmosphere of air-castles is heavy and stupefying with the incense of vague hopes and phantom ideals. In them man lulls himself into dreaming inactivity with the songs of the mighty deeds he is going to do, the great influence he some day will have, the vast wealth that will be his, sometime, somehow, somewhere, in the rosy, sunlit days of the future. The architectural error about air-castles is that the owner builds them *downward* from their gilded turrets in the clouds, instead of *upward* from a solid, firm foundation of purpose and energy. This diet of mental lotus-leaves is a mental narcotic, not a stimulant.

Ambition, when wedded to tireless energy is a great thing and a good thing, but in itself it amounts to little. Man cannot raise himself to higher things by what he would like to accomplish, but only by what he endeavors to accomplish. To be of value, ambition must ever be made manifest in zeal, in determination, in energy consecrated to an ideal. If it be thus reinforced, thus combined, the thin airy castle melts into nothingness, and the individual stands on a new strong foundation of solid rock, whereon, day by day and stone by stone, he can rear a mighty material structure of life-work to last through time and eternity. The air-castle ever represents the work of an architect without a builder; it means plans never put into execution. They tell us that man is the architect of his own fortunes. But if he be merely architect he will make only

an air-castle of his life; he should be architect and builder too.

Living in the future is living in an air-castle. Tomorrow is the grave where the dreams of the dreamer, the toiler who toils not, are buried. The man who says he will lead a newer and better life tomorrow, who promises great things for the future, and yet does nothing in the present to make that future possible, is living in an air-castle. In his arrogance he is attempting to perform a miracle; he is seeking to turn water into wine, to have harvest without seed-time, to have an end without a beginning.

IF we would make our lives worthy of us, grand and noble, solid and impregnable, we must forsake air-castles of dreaming for strongholds of doing. Every man with an ideal has a right to live in the glow and inspiration of it, and to picture the joy of attainment, as the tired traveler fills his mind with the thought of the brightness of home, to quicken his steps and to make the weary miles seem shorter, but the worker should never really worry about the future, think little of it except for inspiration, to determine his course, as mariners study the stars, to make his plans wisely and to prepare for that future by making each separate day the best and truest that he can.

Let us live up to the fullness of our possibilities each day. Man has only one day of life—today. He *did* live yesterday, he *may* live tomorrow, but he *has* only today.

The secret of true living—mental, physical and moral, material and spiritual,—may be expressed in five words: *Live up to your portion.* This is the magic formula that transforms air-castles into fortresses.

Men sometimes grow mellow and generous in the thought of

what they would do if great wealth came to them. "If I were a millionaire," they say,—and they let the phrase melt sweetly in their mouths as though it were a caramel.—"I would subsidize genius; I would found a college; I would build a great hospital; I would erect model tenements; I would show the world what real charity is." Oh, it is all so easy, so easy, this vicarious benevolence, this spending of other people's fortunes! Few of us, according to the latest statistics, have a million, but we all have something, some part of it. Are we living up to our portion? Are we generous with what we have?

The man who is selfish with one thousand dollars will not develop angelic wings of generosity when his million comes. If the generous spirit be a reality with the individual, instead of an empty boast, he will, every hour, find opportunity to make it manifest. The radiation of kindness need not be expressed in money at all. It may be shown in a smile of human interest, a glow of sympathy, a word of fellowship with the sorrowing and the struggling, an instinctive outstretching of a helping hand to one in need.

No man living is so poor that he cannot evidence his spirit of benevolence toward his fellowman. It may assume that rare and wondrously beautiful phase of divine charity, in realizing how often a motive is misrepresented in the act, how sin, sorrow and suffering have warped and disguised latent good, in substituting a word of gentle tolerance for some cheap tinsel of shabby cynicism that pretends to be wit. If we are not rich enough to give "cold, hard" cash, let us at least be too rich to give "cold, hard" words. "Let us leave our air-castles of vague self-adulation for so wisely spending millions we

have never seen, and rise to the dignity of living up to the full proportion of our possessions, no matter how slight they may be. Let us fill the world around us with love, brightness, sweetness, gentleness, helpfulness, courage and sympathy, as if they were the only legal tender and we were Monte Cristos with untold treasures of such gold ever at our call.

Let us cease saying: "If I were," and say ever: "I am." Let us stop living in the subjunctive mood, and begin to live in the indicative.

THE one great defence of humanity against the charge of unfulfilled duties is "lack of time." The constant clamoring for time would be pathetic, were it not for the fact that most individuals throw away more of it than they use. Time is the only really valuable possession of man, for without it every power within him would cease to exist. Yet he recklessly squanders his great treasure as if it were valueless. The wealth of the whole world could not buy one second of time. Yet Society assassins dare to say in public that they have been "killing time." The time fallacy has put more people into air-castles than all other causes combined. Life is only time; eternity, is only more time; immortality is merely man's right to live through unending time.

"If I had a library I would read," is the weak plaint of some other tenant of an air-castle. If a man does not read the two or three good books in his possession or accessible to him he would not read if he had the British Museum brought to his bedside, and the British Army delegated to continual service in handing him books from the shelves. The time sacrificed to reading sensational newspapers might be consecrated to good reading, if the individual were willing merely to live up to his portion of opportunity.

The man who longs for some crisis in life, wherein he may show mighty courage, while he is expending no portion of that courage in bearing bravely the petty trials, sorrows and disappointments of daily life, is living in an air-castle. He is just a sparrow looking enviously at the mountain crags where the hardy eagle builds her nest, and dreaming of being a great bird like that, perhaps even daring in a patronizing way, to criticize her

method of flight and to plume himself with the medals he could win for flying if he only would. It is the day-by-day heroism that vitalizes all of a man's power in an emergency, that gives him confidence that when need comes he will and *must* be ready.

The air-castle typifies any delusion or folly that makes man forsake real living for an idle, vague existence. Living in air-castles means that a man sees life in a wrong perspective. He permits his lower self to dominate his higher self; he who should tower as a mighty conqueror over the human weakness, sin and folly that threaten to destroy his better nature, binds upon his own wrists the manacles of habit that hold him a slave. He loses the crown of his kingship because he sells his royal birthright for temporary ease and comfort and the showy things of the world, sacrificing so much that is best in him for mere wealth, success, position, or the plaudits of the world. He forsakes the throne of individuality for the air-castle of delusion.

THE man who wraps himself in the Napoleonic cloak of his egotism, hypnotizing himself into believing that he is superior to all other men, that the opera-glasses of the universe are focused upon him and that he treads the stage alone, had better wake up. He is living in an air-castle. He who, like Narcissus, falls in love with his own reflection and thinks he has a monopoly of the great work of the world, whose conceit rises from him like the smoke from the magic bottle of the genii and spreads till it shuts out and conceals

the universe is living in an air-castle.

The man who believes that all humanity is united in conspiracy against him, who feels that his life is the hardest in all the world, and lets the cares, sorrows and trials that come to us all, eclipse the glorious sun of his happiness, darkening his eyes to his privileges and his blessings, is living in an air-castle.

The woman who thinks the most beautiful creature in the world is seen in her mirror, and who exchanges her queenly heritage of noble living for the shams, jealousies, follies, frivolities and pretences of society, is living in an air-castle.

The man who makes wealth his god instead of his servant, who is determined to get rich, rich at any cost, and who is willing to sacrifice honesty, honor, loyalty, character, family—everything he should hold dear—for the sake of a mere stack of money-bags, is, despite his robes of ermine, only a rich pauper living in an air-castle.

The man of ultra-conservatism, the victim of false content, who has no plans, no ideals, no aspirations beyond the dull round of daily duties in which he moves like a gold-fish in a globe, is often vain enough to boast of his lack of progressiveness, in cheap shop-worn phrases from those whom he permits to do his thinking for him. He does not realize that faithfulness to duties, in its highest sense, means the constant aiming at the performance of higher duties, living up, so far as can be, to the maximum of one's possibilities, not resignedly plodding along at the minimum. A piece of machinery will do this, but real men ever seek to rise to higher uses. Such a man is living in an air-castle.

With patronizing contempt he scorns the man of earnest, thoughtful purpose, who sees his goal far before him but is willing to pay any honest price to attain it; content to work day by day unceasingly, through storm and stress, and sunshine and shadow, with sublime confidence that nature is storing up every stroke of his effort, that, though times often seem dark and progress but slight, results *must* come if he have but courage to fight bravely to the end. This man does not live in an air-castle; he is but battling with destiny for

(Continued on page 21)



Where Brigham Young and Jim Bridger Met

Utah's First Marionette Show

By

MARGOT SPANDE BEAL

MARIONETTES! The oldest and most fascinating branch of the theatre. Adults and children alike watch with delight as the beautiful dolls and the grotesque or comical dolls come to life on the stage to enact their fairy tales and dramas in a realistic fashion.

Allene and Francilda Sutherland of Logan, Utah, have the distinction of owning and presenting the only professional marionette show in the inter-mountain states. They have created for themselves an entertaining and unusual profession, one which offers unlimited possibilities.

These two young women were visiting in Seattle, Washington, when they became interested in marionettes. Merely as a hobby and incidental to their school-teaching positions, they began to develop that interest. Francilda attended the Cornish Art School in Seattle, studying under Richard

Odlin, who was for seven years a student and showman with Tony Sarg, the recognized authority on marionettes. Allene attended the University of Washington. At both institutions they were given intensive training in the construction, costuming and manipulation of the marionettes, and in the presentation of plays.

THE construction of the dolls is difficult and requires a special technique. The bodies are made of wood and attached to heads which are made of plastic and papier mache. Each joint must be movable, even the tiny wrists joints. Separate strings are attached to each one, the marionettes having from ten to fifteen strings apiece by which they are manipulated. Skill is necessary in painting the dolls' faces so that they vividly portray the characters they are to represent.

Manipulating the marionettes requires arduous practice. Each movement must be accurately timed to correspond with the words the marionette is speaking, and to avoid tangling the numerous strings.

Francilda and Allene impersonate the feminine characters, while a young man speaks for the masculine marionettes. Allene's special training in dramatics is very useful in interpreting the varied characters. The girls manipulate the strings and speak the lines from behind the scenes.

The Sutherland sisters have a repertoire of four plays and numerous short skits, some of which are suitable for grown-ups, although the majority of them appeal to the vivid imaginations of children. Their most popular plays are "The



Allene

Fatal Circus" and "Crossbones' Buried Treasure."

The first commercial venture of the Sutherland Sisters' Marionettes was sponsored by the Z. C. M. I., of Salt Lake City, in connection with their Christmas toyland. Large audiences witnessed twenty-seven performances of "The Day Before Christmas," a delightful play which portrays the home of Santa Claus and the Christmas toys growing in the snow garden.

Other performances were given under the auspices of Mutual Improvement Associations and Primaries in the various wards of Logan. The Relief Society organization had the plays presented in connection with their "Better Books and Plays for Children" movement.

A GUEST performance of the marionettes, given at the Temple Square Hotel, resulted in the Sutherland sisters receiving a contract for the 1932-1933 Lyceum Course, which is under the direction of the Graham Music and Lyceum Bureau. For this venture they made new dolls, creating such entertaining characters as Nina



Francilda

THESE two girls turned their hobby into a profession and they are happy in their new work. In addition, they have turned their old jobs, those of teaching school, over to two other young ladies who needed them badly. They write: "We have enjoyed presenting the plays in the schools of Utah, Idaho, and Oregon this past year. It has been a real pleasure, going into schools where there wasn't a person that had seen a marionette show."

"The marionettes are twenty-four inches high but when the play is presented in a darkened auditorium they seem human size and the miniature stage enlarges until the audience is quite unaware that they are looking at a miniature stage and miniature lifeless marionettes. It's a one man and two woman show, but the audience is fooled for once. It's a tremendous job we have created and one in which it is hard to get rusty. It is a real job and honest to goodness work. Creating a marionette play is an education in itself. We must learn to do new and difficult things every day."



Captain Crossbones

Rosa, the gypsy dancer, and Captain Crossbones. Raggedy Ann

and Raggedy Andy were already established favorites with the children who had seen them.

The Lyceum itinerary took the shows into Utah, Idaho, and Oregon towns, where students of grade schools and high schools were given an opportunity to see them. Many of these children had never seen a marionette show before. The performances which were given in the schools have stimulated teachers to use marionettes in teaching woodwork, art, costume design, literature, and music.

The Sutherland Sisters' Marionettes will be seen again on the Lyceum Course next year. Their fascinating array of characters and the skill with which they have presented the plays have won recognition from Tony Sarg himself.

These two young women have, through their initiative and hard work, created for themselves a job which knows no depression. They have opened up an unexplored field in Utah. Undoubtedly there is a



A Charming Miss and Her Steed

place in our social structure for clean entertainment of this sort.

The Power of Truth (Continued from page 19)

the possession of his heritage, and is strengthened in character by his struggle, even though all that he desires may not be fully awarded him.

The man who permits regret for past misdeeds, or sorrow for lost opportunities to keep him from recreating a proud future from the new days committed to his care, is losing much of the glory of living. He is repudiating the manna of new life given each new day, merely because he misused the manna of years ago. He is doubly unwise, because he has the wisdom of his past experience and does not profit by it, merely because of a technicality of useless, morbid regret. He is living in an air-castle.

The man who spends his time lamenting the fortune he once had,

or the fame that has taken its winged flight into oblivion, frittering away his golden hours erecting new monuments in the cemetery of his past achievements and his former greatness, making what he was ever plead apology for what he is, lives in an air-castle. To the world and to the individual a single egg of new hope and determination, with its wondrous potency of new life, is greater than a thousand nests full of the eggs of dead dreams, or unrealized ambitions.

Whatever keeps a man from living his best, truest and highest life now, in the indicative present, if it be something that he himself places as an obstacle in his own path of progress and development, is to him an air-castle.

Some men live in the air-castle of indolence; others in the air-castle of dissipation, of pride, of avarice, of deception, of bigotry, of worry, of intemperance, of injustice, of intolerance, of procrastination, of ly-

ing, of selfishness, or of some other mental or moral characteristic that withdraws them from the real duties and privileges of living.

Let us find out what is the air-castle in which we, individually, spend most of our time and we can then begin a re-creation of ourselves. The bondage of the air-castle must be fought nobly and untiringly.

As man spends his hours and his days and his weeks in an air-castle, he finds that the delicate gossamer-like strands and lines of the phantom structure gradually become less and less airy; they begin to grow firm and firmer, strengthening with the years, until at last, solid walls hem him in. Then he is startled by the awful realization that habit and habitancy have transformed his air-castle into a prison from which escape is difficult.

And then he learns that the most deceptive and dangerous of all things is,—the air-castle.

By

Mary Imlay
TAYLOR

The Beloved Cinderella

PART SEVEN

STARGRASS, the lovely girl grown from the deserted baby the Binneys had found, was not theirs any more—she was the daughter of rich Mr. Blanchard. Pap Binney, broken-hearted, felt that something was wrong; Mrs. Binney, weeping, comforted him by telling him that Star would be happy there in the big house—would have everything a girl's heart could desire.

Up at the big house everything seemed strange to Star—cold and unfriendly—and Etta, niece of Blanchard, was frankly hostile. Even the friendship of John Nelson, Blanchard's secretary, could not counterbalance the sinister familiarity of James Carr.

Ma Binney, hungry for a sight of Star, is caught in the shrubbery by Blanchard and Nelson. Blanchard immediately takes Star to Paris. He tells her finally that he did so to remove her from the vicinity of Pap and Mother Binney. He refuses to allow her to return to visit the Binneys before leaving New York.

Now go on with the story.

IT happened that Star did not stay a year in Paris. She did stay many months in a convent-school there, where Etta had previously acquired her perfect French, but Blanchard's business called him back twice to the United States, and finally, coming to see Star one day early in December, he seemed to find her so greatly changed to his liking that he decided to take her home with him for Christmas.

"I'll present her as my daughter," he thought proudly. "She's tremendously improved, and, by Jove," he said to Nelson, "isn't she lovely?"

Nelson, who had met them at the pier in Hoboken, tried to assent without too much enthusiasm. He knew Blanchard's ambitions and he had heard certain discussions of

"I'm going to open the ball with Mr. MacGowan," she said to Carr, and the young man's face crimsoned with joy. Carr stood back gracefully; he was a good loser.

the daughter's future. Mary Agnes Blanchard would inherit about two millions, besides being the residuary legatee! Nelson, poor and her father's clerk, swallowed hard.

"I'd be a terrible cad if I tried to make love to her, even if she'd think of me now," he said to himself. "A fellow with my prospects trying to get an heiress! Gosh, I'd deserve to be fired!"

It froze the natural impulses in him, and Star, watching him, from under her dark lashes, wondered.

"He must be ill!" she thought. "He's white as a sheet and mum as a dormouse. Father's overworking him, poor fellow!"

She was accordingly sweet and gracious to poor John. She made him come and help her at the first lunch in Blanchard's beautiful town library.

"I had the table brought in here," she explained, smiling at him. It was twilight now, and she looked entrancing, John thought, helping her arrange the corner to her liking. "Etta says she always served in the drawing-room," Star went on, "but I like this—I love these books, don't you?"

"Tremendously." He felt choked; she had just touched his hand in passing a cup and her fingers thrilled.

"I think I always wanted a room like this." She was looking around it lovingly.

"It's a peach," he agreed, scalding himself, but not looking at the room particularly.

"I never knew before how neutral tints can blend in such a rich-toned way, they're perfect!" She leaned back in her chair and looked pensively at the fire. "I love it all!" she exclaimed.

JOHN set down his cup. "I knew you would," he replied harshly. "It's the kind of thing that was meant for you, it's a beautiful background, it suits you!"

"Does it?" Star looked across at him thoughtfully. "I wonder!" "You were made for it," he assured her, staring fixedly at his own feet.

She watched him narrowly, pretending to be busy with the tea things.

"There is certainly something the matter with him," she thought, "or else—" she turned hot sud-

denly—"he's fallen in love with someone else—he doesn't like me any more!"

"If she keeps on looking at me like that," John thought desperately, "I'll—I'll disgrace myself and kiss her!"

"I wonder who the creature is!" Star thought. "Some horrid girl here in the city, of course!"

"Father's going to give me a dance tomorrow night," she said aloud, in a frigid tone; "I believe Etta's out now arranging to have the ballroom decorated. She came and asked what flowers I wanted. I felt so—so funny. As if it could all be just for me!"

"It is all for you," said John miserably. "You're to be presented to society, Miss Blanchard."

She poured another cup, her eyes down. "I suppose you've forgotten that I like to be called 'Star'?" she said severely.

He caught his breath. "No, I haven't forgotten," he assured her after a moment; "only—I was afraid to."

"Afraid to?" her head went up. "Afraid of what?"

He did not answer. He leaned forward and, picking up the tongs, adjusted a log.

"I hate men who are afraid!" Star cried.

He raised his head. "So do I!" he agreed in a harsh voice.

Star's look wavered under his for the first time.

"Will you ask me to dance tomorrow night?" She spoke gently.

"I do ask you to dance tomorrow night!"

"The first dance?"

"Yes!"

She laughed. "Suppose I refuse; what then?"

"It would be your privilege," he answered in an odd tone, his face flushing in the fire-light.

"Oh!"

Request

By Margaret Marchand-Brown

WHEN it is Christmas by an upland sea
Where crowding mountains nobly
shield

This garden place of sons of men
Who changed the desert's bitter yield,—
Here where the temple's roots are spread
Let not this low prayer remain unsaid:

Keep Utah, Lord,
In Divine accord!

It is a gift of Thee,
This garden by an upland sea.
Keep Utah, Lord!

THERE was a little silence; in it he heard his own heart thumping. The light outside the big windows wavered and the fire-light made a fairy circle in which the girl sat, her fair head bowed a little, her hands restless on the tea-table. She looked like the presiding angel of the hearth to him. Suddenly she turned and leaned toward him, laying her hand lightly on his arm.

"Listen! Have you been down to Fishkill Point?" she asked softly. They were close together, her face tender in the fire-light, but he was heroic. He only said, "Not lately!"

"I wonder if you know—" she hesitated, looking around at the door behind her.

"She's getting the cue, she's ashamed of the old people down there!" he thought. Then she lifted her gray eyes and he was almost lost!

"How are they?"

"You mean—the Binneys?"

She nodded.

"Well, I think. Haven't they written you?"

"Never!"

He was glad that she was too absorbed to notice him just then, for he knew Pap had written, the old man had told him so, asking anxiously about "little Stargrass."

"They don't let her have their letters—the snobs!" he thought.

"Pshaw, if I made love to her—the boss would roar like a lion. He'd be right, too!"

"I'm awfully changed, I know," she said, in an amazed kind of tone. "I see things now as Father and Etta do, but I'm not unfaithful, I love them still!"

Nelson said nothing; he set his teeth hard. What a pity if they had changed her! In the unsympathetic silence her hand fell from his arm, she rose and walked to the window.

"I wish you'd ring for some hot water," she said over her shoulder.

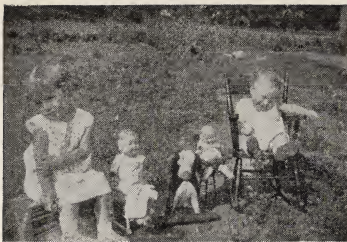
He rang obediently; then, he too, looked out of the window.

"Beginning to snow, isn't it?"

"There seems to be a frost," Star retorted sharply, walking away.

HE stared after her in a tumult of emotion. He adored her and he had no business to tell her so. But to be flouted like this! Suddenly he was tempted to throw

(Continued on page 58)



THIRD PRIZE

"Posing for a Picture." Snapshot taken 10 a. m., September 3, 1933.
Taken by Mrs. Rulon Dahl, Raymond, Alberta, Canada.



FIRST PRIZE

"Tea For Grandma Terrier." Photographed July 20, 1933, 1/50 Sec. at stop 5.6.
Taken by Doris Hartman, Camp Frazier, Combs, Arkansas.



SECOND PRIZE

"Walking in Daddy's Oven Footsteps." Made with a 2-A Broenle Box Camera with a close up attachment.
Taken by Mrs. E. O. Ben-
nion, Mt. Emmons, Utah.

Results of Outdoor Story Picture Contest

IN July the editors of *The Improvement Era* in order to encourage amateur photography and the active imagination of the photographer offered prizes for the best "story" pictures. The rules governing the contest may be found on page 355, the July, 1933, number of the magazine.

Photographs came from many parts of the United States, and a few from other countries, but the

response was not as great as it might have been or as it was for some of our other contests, however, some very interesting pictures were sent in.

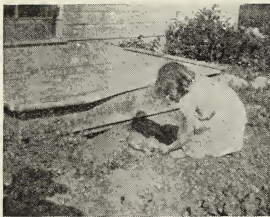
After going over the entries carefully in the light of the requirements, the judges selected the pictures for prizes and honorable mention which appear on this page.

A little later we expect to foster other picture-taking contests.

Watch for the announcements and make your camera work for you. We believe that if you have an object in taking a picture that you are likely to get a much better picture and likely not to waste so much film as if you merely snap something you see.

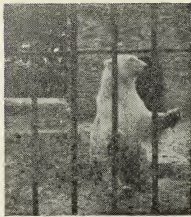
We think the judges' selections were good. Examine these pictures and see if each does not tell an interesting story.

HONORABLE MENTION



"Feeding Her Pet Gopher." Snapshot taken 11 a. m., August 23, 1933.

Taken by Mrs. Rulon Dahl, Raymond, Alberta, Canada.



"Oh, please give me my dinner." Taken July 17, 1933. Ordinary exposure.
Taken by Vivian Lucas, Staveley, Alta, Canada.



"Hopi Indian Dance." T. 1/25 S. F. 22, August 25, 1933

Taken by H. J. Carlsen, 1445 E. Culver St., Phoenix, Arizona

Women in the Modern World

By
DR. LOWRY NELSON

The emancipation of women during the last three decades, according to Dr. Nelson, constitutes one of the outstanding phenomena of this century. After discussing her status in the "modern world" he asks a pertinent question: "What role can she play, and will she play, in the world tomorrow?" All of us are interested in that speculation and a perusal of this thought-provoking article will aid the reader in formulating some opinion regarding the matter.

THE world of yesterday, made by and for men, is as much a part of the past as the ox-team, the pony express, and the spinning wheel. The machine age has done many things, but it has to its credit no more dramatic achievement than the change it has wrought in the social status of women. It is probably not too much to say that the emancipation of women, achieved largely during the past three decades, constitutes the outstanding social phenomenon of this century.

What Does the "New Freedom" Signify?

THIS new freedom of women, as it is often referred to, has evoked much discussion as to its probable effects upon the social organism. Some have hailed its coming as offering new hope for all reform movements, including political regeneration of the western world. In others it arouses a sentiment of despair. They think they see in it the decline of the home as the fundamental social institution; the decline of the birth rate, and consequent weakening of the racial stock; and the creation of economic chaos due to the flood of additional labor which is thrown upon the labor market.

In the midst of this welter of speculation it is important to know the facts concerning the problem. Everyone knows that in general the status of women has materially changed in the past few years, and they also know in general just what that status is. It is a wholesome

procedure, however, to marshal facts concerning different phases of this many-sided movement, in order the more clearly to see this part of our social life in its relation to the general world in which we live.

A Glimpse Into the Past

BEFORE indicating some of these facts it will prove helpful to have in mind the general picture of the evolution of the status of women in modern society. Under simpler modes of living than we have today the home was not only a place for sleeping and eating, it was a manufacturing institution. Its functions were many and varied, and these functions were essentially under the direction of the homemaker. The wife and mother made, or supervised the making, of the cloth and the clothing used by the family. Practically all of the food consumed in the home was cured, processed, or manufactured by the women of the household. Incidentally the preparation of food is still a major function of the modern home, but it is less important by far today, than it has been in the past. The manufacture of all kinds of dairy products has historically been a part of the function of the household. The multiplicity of these functions in the home has, throughout history made it imperative that women confine their activities quite largely within four walls.

While the mental, physical, and emotional differences between the sexes constitute a moot question today, in times past it was generally conceded that women were inferior

in physical and mental strength to men, and emotionally less stable than men. This gave rise to the development of man as the protector, and of women as the weaker sex. These attitudes are remnants of the "age of chivalry" and are considered by this present generation to be, what they would call, "a lot of sentimental hooey."

Chivalry Also Meant Bondage

ALONG with this maudlin worship of womankind there went a corresponding amount of enslavement. Women were denied the privileges of activities outside the home. They were not to indulge in the sordid affairs of politics, diplomacy, and warfare. Neither were they to soil their hands with the filthy lucre of trade. "Woman's place is in the home," men declared. Men were to fight the battles in the cruel world and protect women and children from exposure to the evils and corruption which exist in politics and business. This attitude was the heritage of the Chivalric Age.

Women protested against such treatment, and men were unable for a long time to understand why they should resent the wall of security and protection which their worshipful male defenders desired to throw about them. Men were unable to see that this wall of protection from dangers without also constituted a prison for those who were held within. And it is an interesting fact that the walls were not shattered by battles waged on moral, religious, or spiritual

grounds, but by the disintegrating forces of economic change. It was the Industrial Revolution, commencing roughly in 1750 and developing rapidly as new inventions made possible the factory system, which wrought the changes in household economy and paved the way for the emancipation of women. From that time on the functions of the home have been steadily declining in importance. The factory system removed from the household the manufacture of clothing, and to a large extent the preparation of food thus releasing time and energy of women for other pursuits.

Pioneering Held Back the "Machine Age"

IN America the task of pioneering the new continent made for the perpetuation of the household economy practically through the greater part of the nineteenth century. Up until after the Civil War it is safe to say the majority of homes in America were largely on a self-sufficing basis, manufacturing their own clothing as well as food, and even undertaking in large measure to carry on the functions of education and of religious worship. In Western America the self-sufficing economy persisted to a much later date, and even today in many rural sections there are households which are dependent only to a limited extent upon the outside world. The trend toward commercial economy as contrasted with this self-sufficing system, however, has been very definite. Within the past twenty years the writer recalls hearing sermons preached against the use of creamery butter by farm housewives. It was considered almost a mark of reproach for a woman to buy butter from the creamery, instead of making it herself. Today finds the so-called "ranch butter" going, begging, while creamery butter is sold in every village and hamlet.

Factors Which Change the Feminine Role

NOW as to some of the detailed facts relative to the change in the status of women in America. Fortunately the great volumes of data collected every ten years by the

United States Bureau of the Census provides us with reliable information concerning some phases of women's activities. These great public documents are made the basis for the report of President Hoover's Commission on Recent Social Trends, from which I wish now to draw rather generously.

Among the factors which have affected the status of women, these are the most important: first, the development of mechanical power; second, new inventions; third, the rise of specialized services outside the home; fourth, the changed manner of living, and the decreasing size of the family. The form of mechanical power which has most notably affected women is that of electricity. The production of electricity in the United States has increased from less than five billion kilowatt hours in 1902 to ninety-six billion kilowatt hours in 1930. The percentage of farm homes lighted by electricity more than doubled between 1920 and 1930. The spread of the use of electricity is well illustrated by the fact that in Utah south of Salt Lake County, the consumption of electricity for residence use rose from 2,492,000 kilowatt hours in 1927 to 4,761,000 in 1932, an increase in 5 years of 91.04 per cent. The specialized services outside the home which have released the time of the housewife include such institutions as laundries, bakeries, clothing and food factories, restaurants, and so on. The decrease in the size of the family, while it presupposes that the mother will devote more attention to each individual child, undoubtedly means less demand upon her energies for this purpose.

Hospital

By Margaret Jane Cole

THANK the dear God for pain
And its knife-keen smart;
After it, peace again.
A quiet heart.

The cold, sweet ether smell,
And four white walls;
The sound of the chapel bell
Through silent halls.

Evening, and night, and dawn—
A maple tree!
Laughter across a lawn—
And life for me!

Women Enter the Labor Market

ALL of these factors have resulted in a necessity for women to find a new place for themselves in the economic world. The Census figures indicate that this has been taking place. In 1880 there were 160 women out of every 1000 in the population sixteen years of age and over, who were employed outside the home; while in 1930 there were 253 out of each 1000. These figures include the women engaged in agriculture. If it had not been for the fact that the economic depression had already set in when the 1930 census was taken, the figures for that year would have been still more impressive. When we consider all of the gainfully employed persons, both male and female, in the United States, we find that in 1930 one in every five were women, or 21.9% of the total. This is an increase of 50% over the figure for 1880, when women represented 14.5% of the gainfully employed. Most of these women who are gainfully employed are young women, although there is a definite tendency for larger percentages of the older women to become gainfully employed. In 1920 20.6% of the employed women were less than twenty years of age, while in 1930 only 15.5% were under that age. In the 1930 figures there is a marked decline in the proportion of girls under twenty who are employed. This may be due to the spread of child labor restrictions and the growth of compulsory education. There is a marked increase in the percentage of women employed between twenty and forty-five years of age. It has been suggested that this may be due to the increasing tendency of married women to engage in gainful occupations.

Married Women Outside the Home

FOR example, in 1900 there were 769,000 married women that worked, while in 1910 the number had increased to 1,891,000, and in 1930 it had reached 3,071,000. This development appears even more striking when it is noted that between 1900 and 1930 the total number of married women doubled,

(Continued on page 64)



The Closer Bond

Play of Pioneer Life in One Act

By
HELEN HINCKLEY

CHARACTERS: Mother.
Father.
Margaret, the seventeen year old daughter.
Elizabeth, two years younger.
William, a neighbor.

SCENE: The living-bedroom of a newly finished cottage in Salt Lake City. The room is furnished with a beautiful four-poster bed with a matching dresser, a rather rough table and several chairs that were evidently made by the pioneers themselves, several hand made rugs, and a few other pieces which give the atmosphere of a carefully planned home. When the curtain rises Margaret and Elizabeth are discovered making the bed. Mother is giving the final touch to simple curtains.

MARGARET

And now the quilt, Elizabeth. Mother, which one shall we use?

ELIZABETH

The tulip quilt! Do say the tulip quilt, Mother.

MOTHER

That's my choice too, dear. Bring the tulip quilt. And, Margaret, in the bottom drawer of the dresser you should find the pillow cases with the lace that Grandma Hendricks knitted. This is a grand enough occasion to use our very best things.

ELIZABETH

(Carefully unwrapping the quilt and assisting Margaret to spread it.) What if Father had had his way about leaving the bed and dresser at Winter Quarters? Just what if he had! (She wraps her arms around the nearest post.) I love you, you old four-poster, I love you! (Margaret smiles in a superior manner.) Well, I do, and so do you! Isn't it grand! Doesn't it look just like home to see these two old friends polished and on parade again?

MOTHER

All we have left of Michigan. I love them, too, Elizabeth. They're sort of a tie between there—and here.

MARGARET

Now see, you're getting mother to feeling bad again. This is absolutely not the time for that. Our

lovely new home is all finished, all furnished, and all by our own work! What a gay time we'll be having tonight when the neighbors come in.

ELIZABETH

All this is so fine that I'm afraid we'll be growing proud.

MOTHER

I'm wondering now if it wouldn't be better to move the dresser over there between—

(A gay tune is whistled outside. Margaret recognizes at once that it is William. She smooths her hair and dress and looks enquiringly at her mother who nods in assent. She runs toward the door.)

ELIZABETH

A nice man doesn't whistle at the gate, and a nice girl doesn't rush out to meet him.

Not any man of course, but this is William! (She hurries out.)

MOTHER

Why must you always tease?

ELIZABETH

Just the nature of the beast, I suppose. But really, Mother, why does she have to be so persnickity about William lately? Why, when we were crossing the plains he was just as good a companion to me as he was to Margaret. He seemed to like us both. Even two months ago we both rushed to the gate when his whistle rounded the corner. But of late— Well—

well, Mother, they don't even see me. They look at each other as if it were five minutes before dinner and they both saw it cooking on each other's face.

MOTHER

(Laughing.) They would neither one feel flattered to hear that their loving glances are interpreted as eagerness for cabbage soup. Love comes like that. I'm glad it's William.

ELIZABETH

Love! Do you mean that they are in love—just like the people in books? Romeo and Juliet and all that? Our Margaret and—

MOTHER

Our Margaret is seventeen.

ELIZABETH

And that's why they smile so wisely over silly secrets. And why she dashes out to the gate alone, and why she cries at night! She does, Mother, she cries all the time at night and when I ask her what the matter is she says, "The world is so beautiful," or, "The stars seem so bright tonight," or something like that. I wonder if I'll ever be that crazy! (Changing suddenly to a thrilled shiver.) Ooooh, I hope I shall!

MOTHER

I hope so too, Elizabeth. Everyone should—sometime.

MARGARET

(Dashing in, taking her mother by the waist and pivoting her to the door.) See, Mother. See how

perfect our house looks from the doorway. This is the way that everybody who comes to our housewarming will first see it. It was a real inspiration of yours to put those candles on the dresser. The very last little bit of sun will make that brass look all red and green and golden.

MOTHER

(*Reaching out toward Elizabeth.*) Come here, Lizzie. I want an arm about both my girls. This does seem so—so homey.

MARGARET

(*Putting her arms around her mother and kissing her impulsively.*) Isn't the world the most beautiful place? Look at the sky and the lake! President Young was certainly inspired by God when he chose this place.

MOTHER

And Father was inspired when he selected this site for our cottage. There is no lovelier place in all of Salt Lake Valley.

MARGARET

How about Mother being inspired when she directed the building and furnishing? (*Dancing across the floor.*) Why, the house could not be nicer if it were all dressed up for a wedding!

ELIZABETH

(*Following her.*) Since everybody is being inspired—I'm inspired with curiosity, and you're inspired by William. See her blush, Mother! Whee, see her blush!

MARGARET

I'm not so blushing, am I Mother?

MOTHER

(*Smiling.*) Of course not.

MARGARET

(*At center, in front of table.*) Well, perhaps I am. Blushes fly when words refuse to even crawl. I am inspired by William. I can't imagine what has done this to us, neither can he, for we've wondered about it when we've talked together. Sometimes when I am saying my evening prayers the words come to my lips sort of—well, by themselves. And all the time I'm thinking about William, and then I can't remember where I was when I let my mind wander and wonder if I started at all. And sometimes when we kneel together for family prayer with Father, I

think of me in your place, Mother, and see William's brown head over Father's chair. I wonder if when we are forty past, we'll be as happy and our home as blessed.

ELIZABETH

Oh dear, you must be pretty wicked!

MOTHER

(*Ignoring Elizabeth and her foolishness and taking Margaret in her arms.*) You'll never have a higher prayer in your heart than you have with this pure love. I'm happy, Margaret. When does William plan to speak to Father?

MARGARET

Tonight, perhaps. We were just talking about it out at the gate. Of course, we have known for months. Known that we were meant for each other, I mean. We decided not to say anything about it until William's folks had finished their home here, and we had completed ours. It did not seem right to either of us to draw away from our families while there was so much work to be done. When we can feel free to do so—we are going to build for ourselves—together, and well!

ELIZABETH

(*Jumping up.*) Last week we went to a house warming at William's.

MOTHER

And tonight we celebrate ours. Surely now that our home is finished, the fence made, and everything under way, you two can feel free to leave your home nests. You've worked so hard, Margaret, and you too, Lizzy, making up to your Father for the brothers that you never had, that surely you will be blessed.

ELIZABETH

I know that we've been blessed all the time! This darling cottage, you and Father, and now a wedding in the family! (*Singing.*)

Faith

By Adele Macalister

FAITH that guides us every day,
Faith that holds us, come what may—
Faith that urges us ahead,
Faith that discards fear and dread,
Faith that makes us carry on,
Faith that trusts when joy is gone—
Is the light that leads the way
From dark night to the sun of day.

A wedding, a wedding, a wedding
in the fam'ly!

MOTHER

Tomorrow we start on a new job. Margaret, you must have so many new things. I think that I can spare at least two of our finished quilts. We could not yet get such fine light pieces here.

ELIZABETH

Not the tulip one. Mother, don't give her the tulip one!

MARGARET

Of course not, silly-billy. I wouldn't have the tulip one. That shall be yours when Mr. Right comes to claim you. Isn't that so, Mother?

MOTHER

I want you to select some of my things that you'd like to carry into your new home. In the old days the mothers used to carry a torch to the new home with which they lighted the fire. In that way they carried the spirit of the old home to the new. It seems a very lovely custom to me. If a rug or a quilt will carry the peace of our home into yours it is far better than anything new, no matter how pretty.

ELIZABETH

She'll have new clothes, too! Margaret, what will you wear for the wedding? Do have a white dress like the ones that brides wear in the stories.

MARGARET

(*Laughing.*) Father hasn't even said "yes" yet. Listen, isn't that our gate? I thought that they would stay forever at the meeting. Now don't even hint to Father, will you? William wants to tell him. He says it is his right and his duty. He teased me by saying that he would meet Father at the meeting lest my eyes give the whole thing away before he had a chance to broach the matter properly.

(*Mother goes to the door and opens it. Father enters without a word of greeting. Elizabeth crosses the room to him.*)

ELIZABETH

Goodness, Father, what a lengthy meeting! We had just said to ourselves that you would probably never come. President Young must have had much to tell you.

(*Continued on page 36*)

The "Book worm" Child

A Health Problem

From the Medical Staff and Health Service, Brigham Young University

A YOUNG business man received a distinct shock when his eight year old son, in bitter distress, appealed to him with: "Daddy, the boys at school call me a sissy, an' I don't know what to do about it."

Startled, and also conscience-stricken over his seeming parental neglect, the man set himself to investigate his boy's problem. He found nothing unusual, merely that he had a son, well behaved at home, who performed readily the simple tasks allotted him, but who had few companions of his own age, and spent practically all of his leisure time absorbed in books. The boy appeared to be physically well and strong, was interested in all that went on about him. How he could deserve the rating given by his schoolmates, sorely puzzled the father.

His standing in classes and deportment in school were well above the average. Inquiry revealed that he had read all the books afforded by home and school, and was already bringing several volumes, every week or two, from the public library.

Having noticed, on one of their infrequent outings, that the boy did not see so well for distance as he himself did, he took him to an oculist. The physician's verdict was that the boy had developed considerable myopia or near-sightedness, and badly needed glasses. Furthermore, he stated that myopia is the most serious of all conditions requiring glasses, and is made worse by long continued close work with the eyes, such as in reading.

NEXT they visited their family doctor—the father, in deep chagrin, desiring to see if anything

else might be physically wrong. No gross abnormality was discovered; but, in closing their interview, the medical man remarked: "Your boy is not playing in the open air enough. He's sitting down too much, and is becoming stoop-shouldered and hollow-chested. You should take his books away and get him outside more."

This boy's trouble exemplifies a common problem which is not receiving the consideration it properly merits. While we know the majority of boys and girls do not fall into this book worm class, there still are many who do. Neither is their difficulty purely a physical one, although the combination of *abnormal posture, near-sightedness,*

limited chest expansion, poor muscle development, and awkward muscle co-ordination would ordinarily be serious enough to command our instant attention. Children of a thoughtful turn of mind are easily influenced to develop in the direction of *introversion*—thinking for thought's sake, with little inclination to seek out, or even to meet the practical things in every day living. The trend is favored, too, by any lagging behind their respective groups in skill at outdoor games, which tends to turn them away from such activity. Development of an inferiority complex follows, impelling them more and more to seek comfort in their books.



"Will it Hurt?"

FROM physical contact in play, children receive their first training in practical things—in the co-ordination of hands and brain. This phase of development, so important in the forming of a balanced personality, is often denied these bookworm boys and girls, and they not infrequently become the misfits and ne'er-do-wells of adult life.

Through a feeling of gratitude that the growing child is not in any sense a behavior problem, parents often allow a situation of this kind to go unrealized, until immeasurable harm has been done their boy or girl. Since the child has given them no trouble, they have not the slightest notion that anything harmful might come of it.

We should give attention to seeing that our children find some sort of balance in their activities, between physical and mental. To have them deeply interested in books is gratifying, but physical training in work and play is essential too for a rounded development.

The Other Side

(Continued from page 17)

of all happenings was his selection as an All-American. I am reminded of an incident in our game with Navy. We led 14-7 and there were a few minutes to play. A stocky Middy came in at end. After the first play he seemed to come to the conclusion that Navy wasn't going to win. He rubbed his hands together and in an encouraging voice called to his team mates "Come on fellows! We can't win this game but we can have a lot of fun."

Somehow, I think that that Middy struck the keynote of football—stressing victory, stressing fame, stressing All-Americans—each has its limitations. If a player can't participate without gleaning some fun from his effort, he is a better man never to have played at all, for he will never know success unless he can derive joy or fun through that endeavor. I'm positive the successful men and women of the world will support me when I say that the element of joy or fun is a requisite necessary in varying degrees to any honest, fruitful endeavor. To love one's work is virtually to have joy in it. Successful football, as much as successful business, cannot do away with the pleasurable responses.

Why isn't "pro" ball really fun to play? In answering I quote Ed. Daughters, the Olympic swim coach, when he was being asked what he thought Helene Madison's (the world's greatest woman swimmer) chances at professional swimming were. He replied: "The girl worked with only one thought in mind last year—the Olympic Games. Now that it is all over the let down will be terrific and I don't believe she can ever muster the ambition or interest to make any more records."

Probably this suggests the reason that the great collegiate stars sort of "peter" out professionally. The peak in the athlete's career is reached during his college days, possibly during the last game. Following that, he relaxes, for he thinks he is 'through as a player (the "pro" offers aren't forthcoming until after the let-down.) One's enthusiasm for more is gone. He may muster the desire to play again but to get

into the grind once more is far beyond his comprehension. It is utterly impossible, after one's college career, to muster together that pre-game emotional frenzy. If anything was ever necessary to insure success to any athletic career, it is that very thing.

ALTHOUGH the absence of joy and fun is partially due to the let-down, there is still a more devastating feature of the let down. It deals more personally with the individual in these three ways: (1) It causes him to lose confidence; (2) it undermines the individual's morale; (3) it causes him to lose faith in his own ability. If a man loses these qualities, he might as well go to potter's field and commence digging.

To illustrate, I present an actual experience—just one of many similar to it. A young man from the West has graduated from college with scholastic and athletic honors. He was reared in a fine community under the influence of the best of homes and among the finest of Christians. He went East to fulfill a professional football contract. He arrived in the midst of new faces, all of which happened to be from Eastern colleges. Immediately he was confronted with problems much different from those with which he had been accustomed. He was in a group of "don't care what happens" men. Mr. West soon found that he was out of place as he was not the indulger in the iniquities and the moral vices that most of the others were. For not being one of them in their habits, he became a social outcast which carried over to the football field. What a penalty for a modest sense of decency and the best of parental influences! With his self-respect gone, one can easily imagine the consequences.

Is it any wonder that "pro" football undermines the morale of so many college men who have received excellent moral training in their homes, in their churches, in their schools, and in athletics?

Practically every college star who has entered "pro" football has lost faith in his own ability. Some never regain that faith. Some have had the courage to come back. Red Grange incidentally falls into this last category. His first venture was unsuccessful but through his courage he came

back and has played better ball professionally than he ever did in college—but who appreciates it? Because of this lost faith in one's self I have seen and been eye witness to actual fist fights among pals of the same team. They had reached the point where morale gone, confidence gone, faith gone, they actually "blew up" and acquired a suicide complex—a feeling of deep despondency.

Quoting Grange, following his first year in pro football, "Once I went to the polo grounds on crutches, donned a uniform and played quarterback. I didn't carry the ball once. I couldn't. But the crowd thought I was a yellow bum. That hurt."

I have seen repetition of this. A young man with a week old dislocated collar bone was forced to play because he was a star. People had paid to see him play—and dragged out. If men of Grange's caliber will draw such putrid criticism, what will become of the seven lowly linemen whose praises are seldom sung?

Imagination seems to have no place in professional football. In fact, it is too often discouraged. There is nothing more spectacular in football than to watch the unorthodox diagnostician who never plays where he should. It is nothing more than the imagination that causes one to be unorthodox. What would the sculptor, the artist, or the architect do without his imagination? The football player needs it equally as much, for imagination is the life blood of success. Yet, it is discouraged in professional football.

Another negative feature to professional football is that which concerns ethics, or rather, the lack of them. To illustrate my point I quote from an editorial concerning baseball:

"There is no sentiment in baseball," says an old sports adage, which is borne out in the dismissal of Walter Johnson as manager of the Washington Senators. Old Barney was kicked out because he could not perform miracles from the managerial bench like he used to do them from the mound. The Washington owner and fans seem to have forgotten the mighty arm that won them countless games and twirled them into two world series. * * * It was written that Old Barney was not the managerial

type; that he never snooped and snitched like successful managers. All he ever did was to ask his players to keep in shape and give him and the club the best they had. His boys did that. * * * Baseball is cold-blooded, hard-hearted, and often sordid. Real sportsmanship has been written off the baseball book of diction while romance and gratitude do not appear at all."

So, if one is to think of baseball in the above manner it can be readily understood how it is that professional football harbors nothing as good. Contracts are the basic reasons for one to play football but they are meager scraps of paper to too many players. As long as there are no ethics in the pay off, can there be ethics in the professional game itself? Doesn't this have a tendency also to undermine the morale? I know positively that Dutch Clark was subjected to this unethical feature of professionalism. I was myself. I received just half that which was stipulated in the contract. There is no recourse in order to obtain the amount for which one was contracted because if suit is threatened or any other means taken to obtain the face value of the contract, one is placed on a suspended list. Under such suspension, just try to collect!

A MORE radical case occurred about five years ago. A famous star was employed by a mid-western team. His figure was high—so high in fact that on pay day he alone received money and his teammates received nothing. The players were told that they would get it but the star must have his first. He was the attraction and without him none would receive pay because crowds would not come. The star received every cent stipulated. The other players received nothing. Within the year the team disbanded—broke.

Many teams have had to disband in midseason due to this same reason. The irony of the situation is just this. Last year this star wrote an article in one of our popular magazines setting himself up as a martyr to professional football. Thus, he sang its praises. Some men will sing praises for gold, but I believe that our men have a different attitude. We need money, all of us do, but it has not become our god nor do I think it ever will.

Professional competition is based on different factors from those

which we encounter in college. With the pay check as the factor upon which competition is based the element of fair play begins to lose ground.

In picturing the other side of professionalism in football I possibly have been a bit pessimistic, but I believe with reason. I feel justified for every statement. The first sentence in this article would never have been uttered by such a man as Clark had it not been justified. "Frosty" Peters, another star of the past with whom I played, said to me as I left Ebbets Field to come home, "Marv, if I had a job to go home to, I would leave now with you." These are the unspoken sentiments of fifty percent of the players. For any enterprise to be ethical it must satisfy one hundred percent of the people involved.

But what are the positive features of "pro" football?

First, we are confronted with some of the realities of life. I have in mind the illusions and the subsequent disillusion. They are plentiful. We build up hopes only to find them shattered. It is a worthwhile experience to go through this if you can go through it courageously but it is quite satisfying to profit by the experiences of others.

Second, there is the opportunity for travel, to meet different people, to associate with others in their environment at no monetary cost to one. However, these particular good points too often have devastating effects on the individual, because temptations for the iniquities are too prevalent. If one is traveling with his own friends and at his own expense, travel is more wholesome. The benefits of professional football may be gained through more pleasurable experiences.

Therefore, I am thoroughly convinced through the experiences of individuals who have been successful in professional football and through personal experience that the game holds no attraction for the clean, upright, moral youth of today. I commend the action of Christensen and Jack Johnson in looking the situation over and returning home without having played.

OF the forty-four men who participated in the recent Century of Progress football game at Chicago, all had inviting offers to play professional football. Only five of

that group accepted the offers. One of these players, a pal of Johnson and Christensen, is now in a hospital in a very bad condition, unable to play any more. These five were backfield luminaries who were catered to because of drawing power. I am sure that eighty-nine percent of the finest and best manhood in football thus represented refused handsome contracts for one or more of the reasons suggested here. Every one of those fellows was certainly in need of money just as everyone is who completes college. But what is mere gold in face of self esteem?

I'd like this "Prayer of a Sportsman" to bring forcibly to the minds of our youth that there should be ethics in all that we undertake to do.

PRAYER OF A SPORTSMAN

Dear Lord, in the battle that goes through life

I ask but a field that is fair,
A chance that is equal with all in the strife,

A courage to strive and dare;
And if I should win, let it be by the code,

With my faith and my honor held high;

And if I should lose, let me stand by the road

And cheer as the winners go by.

And Lord, may my shouts be ungrudging and clear,

A tribute that comes from the heart,

And let me not cherish a snarl or a sneer

Or play any sniveling part;
Let me say: "There they ride on whom laurel's bestowed,

Since they played the game better than I;"

Let me stand with a smile by the side of the road

And cheer as the winners go by!

So grant me to conquer, if conquer I can

By proving my worth in the fray;

But teach me to lose like a Regular Man

And not like a craven, I pray.
Let me take off my hat to the warriors who strode

To victory splendid and high.

Yea, teach me to stand by the side of the road,

And cheer as the winners go by!
—Barton Braley.

"While We Hail the Bright New Year"

BROTHER, Sister, in every land and clime, "while we hail the bright new year" what are we thinking in our heart of hearts? As 1934 dawns, are we ready to clasp hands with one another across all national borders, across all seas, across all race and color lines, without having one hidden hand on a sword-hilt?

What we are thinking is likely to be a cross-section of what the world is thinking, except for the few who are mad with a false pride, a false nationality, a mistaken internationality.

"The kingdom of God is like unto a mustard seed" flourishing and blossoming in all lands. If those members of the Kingdom will keep an even keel, if they will hold courageously to the Christian ideal and spirit, they will have a force like unto the tide which though silent and calm lifts the largest ships, laughs at puny attempts to stop it.

Jesus, the Master — of Himself — therefore Master of all things—had the supreme moral courage which enabled Him to meet force with a smile, revilings with forgiveness, death with silence. Since He knew His own courage, His own integrity, no one could force Him to defend His honor with senseless oaths or blows or miraculous deliverances; because He knew His brotherhood with man, no one could persuade Him to harm another man.

In these trying times can we face this New Year knowing that we, too, can send our ideas out in battalions to battle as He did without marshalling our fists and staves, our rifles and our bombs to force them upon others? Can we fight for a seemingly lost cause—that of human rights—with a calm, steady, patient faith in ultimate right that made Him the greatest conqueror of all time?

With simple words, but so loaded down with ideas as to make them seem like laden camels drawing from the desert to Jerusalem, He overthrew not only kings but the idea of the divine right of kings; he struck the shackles from the wrists and ankles of slaves even down to the time of our own nation. Out of a two-thousand year old past He spoke: "Son," speaking to the negro, "Thou art free. In the sight of the Lord God, your Father, your soul is precious." He left foolish high priests to condemn Him, a haughty prelate to sentence Him, and a mob of His Father's children to deride Him, and ignorant soldiers to crucify Him. He said only—"Destroy this temple and in three days I will build it again."

The apostle thought He was speaking of His body. Perhaps He was speaking also of His ideas which might be blocked or dammed, but never stopped. He may have meant also that He, with those ideas, would build temples in every heart down to the latest day.

"While we hail the bright New Year" may we

not rededicate our lives to a "militant peace" which, scorning crude weapons of war that kill the body but cannot change the soul, with weapons of the spirit will conquer the world anew in His name.

Brother, Sister, in every land, He has said, wherever you are, wherever you are that if you will follow Him and will believe forever in His ideas, that you are the salt of the earth, the leaven in the meal.

Will you not with us find a more splendid loyalty, a finer and a firmer faith in order that we may go forward from this day convinced that Christianity is practical, that the Gospel is alive and potent, capable of rebuilding societies as His ideas have rebuilt nations? Joseph Smith was typically an American prophet, his reiteration of Christ's ages-old doctrines with a power as "one having authority and not as the scribes," and his enlargement upon Christian ideas especially fitted to our age and clime, has thrilled the souls of millions, for many a person who has not joined with us in baptism has felt the sweep of modern revelation.

For this New Year we wish you joy, not peace, for in a Christian's heart there can be no peace of mind until His ideas have completely triumphed and men have become brothers indeed.—H. R. M.

"Try the Spirits"

RECENT occurrences that have transpired amongst us render it an imperative duty devolving upon me to say something in relation to the spirits by which men are actuated. It is evident from the apostle's writings that many false spirits existed in their day, and had "gone forth into the world," and that it needed intelligence which God alone could impart to detect false spirits, and to prove what spirits were of God. The world in general have been grossly ignorant in regard to this one thing, and why should they be otherwise, "For no man knows the things of God, but by the spirit of God."

"Try the spirits;" but what by; are we to try them by the creeds of men? what preposterous folly, what sheer ignorance, what madness. Try the motions and actions of an eternal being, (for I contend that all spirits are such) by a thing that was conceived in ignorance, and brought forth in folly—a cobweb of yesterday. If it requires the spirit of God to know the things of God, and the spirit of the devil can only be unmasked through that medium, then it follows as a natural consequence, that unless some person or persons, have a communication or revelation from God, unfolding to them the operation of the spirit, they must eternally remain ignorant of these principles:—for I contend that if one man cannot understand these things but by the spirit of God, ten thousand men cannot; it is alike out of the reach of the wisdom of the learned, the tongue of the eloquent, and the power of the mighty.

And we shall at last have to come to this conclusion, whatever we may think of revelation, that without it we can neither know, nor understand anything of God or the devil; and however unwilling the world may be to acknowledge this principle, it is evident from the multifarious creeds and notions concerning this matter, that they understand nothing of this principle, and it is equally as plain that without a divine communication they must remain in ignorance.—*Joseph Smith, the Prophet.*

Why Can't We Understand Each Other?

WITH "the invisible couriers of the air" bearing messages of good will to every land from every land, how can we think of war, imperialism and reprisals? Surely the world has grown smaller in girth but larger in understanding and good will. Voices from every land will filter through the invisible passages of the ether to our firesides telling us that in the English, the German, the French, the Scandinavian, the Australian, the Indian, the New Zealand heart this Christmas tide there is a feeling of brotherly kindness for all men everywhere. May we not believe them and beat our swords into pruning hooks and learn to make war no more?

Below we are printing a part of the program of but one of the great national broadcasting systems as an example of how, in words at least, the world will be brought together this yule-tide.

COLUMBIA ANNOUNCES CHRISTMAS FEATURES DURING HOLIDAY WEEK

An international Christmas roll-call in a dozen countries, greetings by King George V and Washington statesmen, Alexander Woollcott's interpretation of Dickens' "Christmas Carol," and special concerts by the Philadelphia and New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestras will be among the Yuletide features to be presented by the WABC-Columbia network.

On Christmas Day ten European nations will exchange Yuletide greetings with the United States through Columbia facilities from 3:45 to 4:30 p. m., EST. Musical and verbal salutations will be heard from Great Britain, France, Ireland, Holland, Sweden, Italy, Germany, Hungary, Poland and Czechoslovakia while CBS short-wave outlets will send America's greetings from New York.

Earlier in the day, King George will radio his Yuletide wishes to the entire English-speaking world and expressions of international peace will be transmitted from Australia, Canada, India, South Africa and the British Isles. This broadcast will be heard throughout the United States from 9:00 to 10:05 a. m., EST; 7 to 8:05 MT.

From the nation's capital, leading officials will speak in connection with the Christmas season.

The Secretaries of War and the Navy, together with the National Commander of the American Legion, will broadcast a special message to the country's disabled veterans on Saturday, December 23, at 4:00 p. m., EST.

Two of the nation's outstanding literateurs, Alexander Woollcott and William Lyon Phelps, also will take part in Yuletide programs. Phelps will present a sketch dealing with Christmas in the American Colonies during the "Voice of America" broadcast on Thursday, December 21, at 8:30 p. m., EST.; while Woollcott will serve as narrator for Columbia's annual Christmas Eve dramatization of Dickens' immortal "Christmas Carol" at 11:00 p. m., EST.

Other special holiday features will be announced later.

How Utah Voted at the Recent Election

LETTERS from various parts of the Church both in this and other lands lead us to believe there are many who will be interested in seeing exactly how Utah voted with regard to the repeal of the 18th Amendment and their own constitutional liquor restrictions. The vote is given here by counties. Those who know the state will be able to make their own analysis.

The vote by counties shows:

County	National Repeal		State Repeal	
	For	Against	For	Against
Beaver	1,057	619	1,048	527
Box Elder	2,433	3,090	2,422	2,907
Cache	3,347	6,447	3,165	5,983
Carbon	3,749	1,055	3,655	995
Daggett	82	8	80	5
Davis	2,006	2,268	1,987	2,065
Duchesne	1,176	1,147	1,159	1,034
Emery	862	1,176	815	1,127
Garfield	268	889	288	835
Grand	362	82	357	71
Iron	1,278	1,156	1,265	1,051
Juab	1,618	1,071	1,600	1,018
Kane	114	507	115	477
Millard	1,267	1,867	1,311	1,686
Morgan	369	584	363	542
Piute	248	304	267	269
Rich	240	448	228	428
Salt Lake	50,495	17,928	50,204	16,970
Sanpete	2,454	3,265	2,361	2,928
San Juan	195	474	199	456
Sevier	1,442	1,797	1,318	1,604
Summit	1,989	1,091	1,933	1,028
Tooele	1,658	916	1,602	851
Uintah	867	1,329	807	1,192
Utah	8,638	7,927	8,347	7,324
Wasatch	683	1,166	689	1,066
Washington	715	1,712	707	1,586
Wayne	191	413	175	409
Weber	11,836	6,534	11,476	6,003
Totals	101,738	67,270	99,943	62,437

The Older Universities of England, Oxford and Cambridge

(Continued from page 9)

ogist, and, more latterly, Sir William Osler, without doubt, the greatest physician of his day.

The contributions of Cambridge are no less dazzling. It has been well said by someone that "it is the singular fortune of an illustrious university that of two of her sons (Charles Darwin and Isaac Newton), one should have introduced a rational order into the organic world, and the other into the in-organic world." Both Newton and Darwin are fittingly entombed in Westminster Abbey amongst England's greatest men and women. The brilliant work of Clerk Maxwell, J. J. Thomson and the current researches of Lord Rutherford with respect to the nature of the atom, bid fair to perpetuate Cambridge's unparalleled scientific tradition.

Cambridge has also been called "the nursing mother of poets." Is it any wonder, with such names as Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth and Tennyson on her honor roll? Only one other name is lacking to the literary glory of Cambridge, said William Everett in 1864—meaning of course, Shakespeare; "the only one that could have raised its glory higher."

IF truth, goodness and beauty are the greatest social and moral values, then Oxford and Cambridge have consistently devoted themselves to the highest ideals. Moreover, they have evolved new and distinctive ways for achieving these goals. For instance, they have jealously guarded the university tradition of academic freedom. They have encouraged, although not always endorsed, the intelligent and sincere expression of all shades of religious and political belief, both on the part of their students and of their teachers. This, in turn, has encouraged students to develop a spontaneous interest in all public questions, which, when combined with that typically-English method of impromptu discussion, has made the British undergraduate in gen-

eral and the Oxford and Cambridge student in particular, the envy of his contemporaries.

Similarly, in the realm of athletic sports. The undergraduate at the older English universities takes his cricket or his rowing philosophically. Such activities are enjoyed for their own sake and for the opportunities they furnish for the cultivation of friendship. The question of the final score or the query "Who won?" is of secondary importance.

Each of the older universities has also contributed many distinctive movements. Oxford, for example, was the pioneer in the university press movement, by which the results of university scholarship and research are made available in printed form to a wider public. Cambridge, for instance, took the lead, as early as 1873, in organizing the university extension movement, which, under the aegis of the Workers' Education Association has become a world-wide scheme of adult education.

NO discussion of the history and influence of Oxford University would be complete without some reference to the variety of religious movements with which it has been identified. Methodism, for example, began at Oxford, as a result of the evangelistic teaching of John Wesley. In fact, the term "Methodist" was first applied in derision to those Oxford students who, in company with the Wesleys, used to meet together for spiritual fellowship.

Another religious movement, and one that has come to be known officially as The Oxford Movement, began with the reaction of a small coterie of scholars and divines, all fellows and tutors of Oriel College, against certain "liberal" teachings of the Church of England and in favor of the principles of Roman Catholicism.

The schism broke out exactly one hundred years ago when John Keble, in 1833, preached his famous assize sermon on "National Apostasy." The theme was elaborated by John Henry Newman in his "Tracts for the Times," where in he insisted upon a recognition of the absolute and unbroken connection between the primitive church and the Church of England, and urged the acceptance of the Holy Catholic Church as a visible body upon earth, bound together by a spiritual unity, although divided by national barriers. The controversy raged bitterly for ten or twelve years with Newman as its central figure. In the meantime Newman had argued himself out of the Church of England and into the Church of Rome, thus becoming one of the most famous of all converts to Catholicism, notwithstanding his one-time conviction that the religion of Rome was "polytheistic, degrading and idolatrous." In 1845 he left Oxford for good, and a year later went to Rome to be ordained a priest and to receive the degree of doctor of divinity. Thirty-two years later he was elected an honorary fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. In 1879, at seventy-eight years of age, he was elevated to the Sacred College, and upon the representations of his friends, was created a cardinal by Pope Leo XIII, in recognition, no doubt, of his distinguished services to the Catholic Church in Britain.

The most recent religious development at this ancient seat of learning, however, is the Oxford Group Movement, a so-called First Century Christian Fellowship, in which students and others meet frequently at "house-parties," where they live for several days at a time, sharing each other's experiences and indulging in the process of "life-changing through personal testimony."

The movement was inaugurated by Frank Buchman, a Lutheran clergyman of Pennsylvania, following his own spectacular "conversion" while attending a religious revival meeting in England. In 1920, Buchman visited Oxford and Cambridge, where he is said to have won by "personal witness," several students who "surrendered to Christ." A small group of his followers, among them a Rhodes scholar, went to South Africa,

One-Way Street

By Edgar Daniel Kramer

LIFE is a one-way street
Along which we must plod
With laughter and with tears
Toward the face of God.
And, though we would undo
What we have wrought or said,
Life is a one-way street,
That we cannot re-tread.

where they held religious meetings in most of the principal cities. It was in this way that the term, "Oxford Group" was first applied.

Strangely enough, the movement has spread rapidly among student groups both in England and in America. It is claimed by the devotees that the movement works with and within the Churches, and is not a new "ism." It claims to send people back to their daily work, "quickened and refreshed, to bear new and better witness to the power of The Divine Spirit."

Disinterested observers, especially university men, are very dubious about its value and outcome. While commending the movement and its leaders for their zeal and sincerity, they question, very seriously, the wisdom and propriety of the means employed.

ANY attempt to sum up the achievements and limitations of the older English universities makes it clear, at once, that Oxford

and Cambridge, in spite of their checkered careers, symbolize the finest and best in the field of higher education. In achieving and maintaining this eminence they have thus constituted themselves "national bulwarks against all that is shoddy in academic life." If, according to Flexner, a modern university should address itself wholeheartedly to the advancement of knowledge; to a study of problems from whatever source they come, and to the training of men, then these institutions have generally been—and certainly now are—in the van of educational and social progress.

In these days of cataclysmic social change, when the moral and cultural foundations of our civilization are being swept away in a flash, it is well to consider the vital importance of education in social well-being, and the possible role of higher education in social reconstruction.

Nowhere has this last-named function of a university been so clearly defined and so elegantly expressed as in the following quotations from Albert Mansbridge (The Older Universities of England, Longmans, 1932):

A university must be independent and uncontrolled in its inner life, and in the exercise of its peculiar activity. Everything in the community may, and should, conspire to assist it materially; but its own inherent power should lift it above any other institution so far as the affairs and adventures of the mind are concerned. In the work of accumulating and disseminating knowledge, it must be so instant as to be the recognized center of all the schools, and it must accomplish this task in so balanced a way as to allow no area of human understanding to be unoccupied. Always it must occupy the farthest bounds of knowledge, even as it strives continually to expand them. If the university is to do these things, it must draw to itself the finest, physical, mental and spiritual power in the world, but particularly it must redeem for learning the men and women who are endowed with the gifts of scholarship and advanced thought.

The Colonization of Ogden Hole

(Continued from page 15)

THE Goodyear stockade or trading post was located on the Weber River where Twenty-eighth street today meets the sandbank of the stream. One of the cabins in Goodyear's fort now stands on tabernacle square, a relic of Pioneer days. It was given to the city by Mrs. Minerva P. Shaw, a daughter of Amos P. Stone, who originally purchased it and moved it to his place on Washington avenue from the old fort or stockade.

The early trappers never attempted to colonize "Ogden Hole," however much they liked the territory. They were content to make the spot simply a headquarters for their fur trading business. Captain James Brown, a sturdy man of medium height, hailing from North Carolina, however, had a different view of "Ogden Hole" when he first came there August 10, 1847, from Salt Lake City which had been colonized by the Mormon Pioneers.

As Captain Brown came toward the Goodyear stockade from the sandridge at the Weber River at the head of a squad of horsemen clad

in the uniform of the U. S. Army, he inspected the site closely. Miles Goodyear also inspected the horsemen. "Ogden Hole," thought the old trapper, was becoming too crowded for a fur trapping center because Salt Lake City brought neighbors too close. And now these soldiers.

But Goodyear was glad to see the army Captain, for he too was an American, and he greeted the men heartily, introducing himself as he did so.

"My name is Brown. Captain James Brown, Company C., Mormon Battalion," the Captain replied as he shook hands with Miles. "I am on my way to California on government business and I thought we might camp with you tonight."

"Certainly, Captain, come on in and make yourselves to home," said Goodyear, motioning for the six men—escorts of Captain Brown who had advanced with him—to come inside.

The old trapper was crafty and he was hatching a bold plan—suppose this army man liked his place well enough to buy him out! Goodyear thought that perhaps the Mormons might like to start a neighboring city to Salt Lake. Besides he did not like the way the Pioneers were farming and colonizing Utah. What would happen if these green-horns filled the valley with farms

as they planned to do! That would be the end of hunting and trapping. And, yes, that would be the end of trading with the Indians.

So, when Captain Brown and his men dismounted, Miles Goodyear carefully showed them about his stockade.

"Nice place you have here," Captain Brown observed, falling in line with Goodyear's scheme. Even as Captain Brown had advanced on the stockade the first time, the spark of the colonizing idea had burned within him. He liked the place. The Captain's two sons, Alex and Jesse, who were in the escort with the Captain, also liked the stockade.

"Yes, it's not so bad," Miles Goodyear admitted. "It could be fixed up considerably and made more comfortable. The river bottoms are rich grazing lands. Deer are plentiful and the streams around are rich with mountain trout."

MILES GOODYEAR, the trapper, was boosting "Ogden Hole" as a site for a colony—he knew that colonizing would come sooner or later and he thought that now would be a fine time for someone else to begin. As for himself he preferred to move on where it wasn't so crowded.

"Captain," finally concluded Miles Goodyear, "when you get

back from California you ought to buy me out."

But money was scarce in those days, too, it seems, and Captain Brown smiled and replied:

"If you only knew how completely and thoroughly broke we are you wouldn't talk about our buying anybody out."

Miles Goodyear wasn't so easily put off, however. "When you get back from California you ought to have a lot of money."

"Maybe so, maybe so," concluded Captain Brown as he turned to leave the stockade and return to his men of the Mormon Battalion who were waiting for him and his escort to return before they camped for the night on the grassy slopes near the stockade. "But it is a long way to California and back again."

"You'll make it all right," said the hopeful Miles Goodyear. "And remember I've got something to sell here when you return. I own this land, a grant from the Mexican government which gives me all the ground between the mountains and the lake and from the hot springs to where the Weber fork comes out of the mountains. Also I've got the best soil in the country, with

corn now growing inside the stockade. And I've got a fine start in livestock, horses, sheep and goats.

"You can start these boys of yours, Corporal Alex and Private Jesse here, milkin' and churnin', when you get back."

The boosting of "Ogden Hole" by Miles Goodyear stuck in the minds of these three Browns. Miles started the negotiations for colonizing! Captain Brown left for California the next morning by way of Little Mountain and Malad and on over the emigrant trail, and as he rode he thought of "Ogden Hole" and of the opportunity to buy up the land grant.

THE Mexican War was soon over, even before the Battalion reached the scene of the fighting, and Captain Brown and his men were free to do as they wished. They stayed for a time in California and gold was discovered. It was with some of this gold, together with the money which the government gave Captain Brown for services of his men in the war, that Captain Brown took with him back to "Ogden Hole." He decided to return and see if Miles Goodyear still wanted to sell, and

if he had enough money with him to buy up the land grant. He wanted to colonize the site!

Captain Brown started back from California on horseback early in 1848 toward "Ogden Hole" to see Miles Goodyear. Miles was still in a receptive mood—trapping had been rather poor that year. The sum agreed upon in that early real estate transaction was \$3,000 for the "Ogden Hole"—the site was purchased and Captain Brown was now leader.

Colonizing of "Ogden Hole" began immediately, for Captain Brown apportioned the land out among his soldiers and other settlers who were attracted to Ogden. Next year found Mary Black, wife of Captain Brown, milking the Goodyear cows and making butter and cheese and sending it to the new settlement now known as Salt Lake City. And with the colonization, "Ogden Hole" became known as Ogden—the name of the early trapper and not after Brown—the Captain who started the developments on which the city was built and colonized the place. And this colonization—which was followed by rapid growth—took place less than 100 years ago!

The Closer Bond

(Continued from page 28)

MARGARET

We ate, Father. It seemed to be getting so near the time of the party. We set the milk and bread on the table under a napkin. Is that all right?

ELIZABETH

(*Tugging at her father's arm.*) Father, do go and eat. You won't have over long to get ready for our party. It's tonight, Father. Did you forget? (*Pivots away and across front of table to right center.*) See, we're all dressed up in our Michigan clothing.

(*Father moves a chair up to the back of the table, drops upon it, puts his head on his arms, and says nothing.*)

MARGARET

What's the matter, Father? Aren't you well?

ELIZABETH

Have our plans for the party

been the wrong thing? Do you think us proud? Are you cross with us, Father?

MOTHER

(*Motioning the girls away.*)

What went amiss at the meeting, David? When you left you were as happy and gay as the rest of us. As we hung the curtains and decked the bed we spoke of how you would enjoy helping us with it. Now all the gladness has gone out of your eyes. Can't you tell us?

ELIZABETH

Please look at the tulip quilt. We haven't had it out since we left Michigan. (*Seating herself on his knee.*) Just a look about you should make you happy. To think that this is our home, all ours, ours forever and ever and we'll never have to move any more!

FATHER

(*Gently pushing her away and speaking wearily.*) Don't jabber so, child. If I should look around me as you suggest, it would set me to weeping. What sort of spectacle would that be, your Father weeping?

MOTHER

Your father has been upset, girls. Why don't you go out in the garden and find some flowers for the jars?

FATHER

Don't send them away, Adelaide. It is to you girls that I must speak.

MARGARET

(*Turning pale and coming to her father.*) Father, did you see William?

FATHER

He met me at the meeting and walked part way home with me.

MARGARET

Then he told you about—about us?

FATHER

He's a fine young man, Margaret. I couldn't feel nearer to him if he were my own son. You have both chosen wisely if choice it has been. (*He takes his wife's hand and draws it to his cheek.*) For my part, I feel that such unions were made in heaven and that you just discover here that you have loved forever.

MARGARET

Then you aren't angry about that?

FATHER

Angry? No. It just makes things doubly hard.

ELIZABETH

It is hard to think of losing her. But, never mind, Father. We'll adopt the first four sets of twins and our house will be lively as ever.

FATHER

Lizzie, Lizzie, how can one remain sad when your tongue is so tripping? And yet—. You'll be as unhappy as I am when I tell you what President Young has given me to tell.

MOTHER

More enemies, David? It seems that we have had—.

FATHER

More enemies, Adelaide—the little devils of fear and distrust. May I tell you in my own way?

WOMEN

Surely. Yes, Father, etc.

FATHER

Three years ago when I heard the missionaries in our home in Michigan, I believed. I brought them to you, and because you were prayerful and receptive, you too, believed. Then came the word that the Church was moving westward. When I told you about it, you said quietly and patiently, "Let us go." We left the beauty that was Michigan, the prosperity that we enjoyed so fully there, our friends, everything. Never once did you murmur, and often I have put my teeth on my lip and said to myself, "If my girls can stand this so can I." Now we have completed a new home. When I look at the four-poster and dresser and think how you and your mother walked part way so that this furniture might ride and become a part of our new life, I realize just what this new home means to you.

MARGARET

We could never have been so happy if we had not left Michigan, Father. I have never been so happy in my life as I have been since we reached the valley. I know that Mother is happy too, because she sings at her work and because each thing in this new home has been the result of her dream. Lizzie is always gay—. Why do you worry

now, about things so long past as leaving the East? Where in the East is there such fellowship, such divine leadership, and—another man like William?

FATHER

Because you have loved this valley so, and because we have all been so happy in building here—. Oh, why didn't President Young speak to the women instead of asking the priesthood to carry his request? It breaks my heart to tell you that our family has been chosen to move to the valley of the Weber.

MOTHER

(Almost involuntarily.) Oh no!

FATHER

The communities in that valley are in need of merchandising stores, and President Young has called me to conduct one of them. My experience in the East—.

MOTHER

(Recovering with some diffculty.) And your success here as well—. I am happy that you are to be trusted with so great a mission. Are there many families to take the move?

FATHER

Several families will be leaving this valley. We go alone, I believe, to our settlement.

MARGARET

(Coming toward her father.) Father, may I ask you—. Father, did you tell William?

FATHER

Yes, yes I had to tell him.

MARGARET

And he—?

FATHER

William was ever one to speak for himself. He asked me not to speak of the matter until he came, and he rushed away in determined haste. (Bitterly.) And I kept my promise! I could not hide the truth from you. I'm sorry.

MARGARET

Never mind, Father. William will understand.

(There is a knock at the door. Mother opens it and William enters. Margaret moves toward him. He smiles at her but goes directly to the table and addresses Father.)

WILLIAM

After you told me, sir, that you and your family had been called to leave, I went to talk to President Young. Oh, I know that it was a bold thing for me to do, but I felt that he would understand. I told him about Margaret and our plans. He says that I may also go to the Valley of the Weber. While Margaret helps you to begin again I shall be seeing her, and thinking of her. I can commence to till the soil and build a home for us.

MARGARET

But alone? We had planned that together—we—alone, William?

FATHER

(Rising.) Alone? Of course you won't build alone. You shall build with Margaret by your side. I'm not through yet. I can work a little harder and Elizabeth here, will soon be able to take Margaret's place by her Mother's side. "A man is not without the woman in the sight of the Lord," and a pioneer man—! You'll build together, a home and a life.

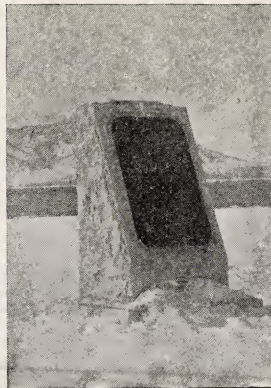
ELIZABETH

Oh Father, do say, "Bless you, my children," like they do in books!

FATHER

It does seem hard to build and build again. But who knows best? Every time we build a new home we build into it a closer, sweeter bond of love and piety.

THE END



Monument at Camp Floyd
(See page 54)

Best Poems of the Volume

CRITICS of the poetry of the thirty-sixth volume of *The Improvement Era*, which closed with the October number, Dr. S. R. Neff, head of the English department, University of Utah; Dr. N. Alvin Pedersen, head of the English department of Utah State Agricultural College; and Dr. Parley A. Christensen, head of the English department, Brigham Young University, read the poems separately and listed them in the order of their preference. Two of them adjudged "The Skeptic's Christmas Eve," by Carlton Culmsee, of Provo, as first; and the other judged "Sonnet," by Rosannah Cannon, as best. "Bear Dance," by Olive Woolley Burt, came in for an enthusiastic third place.

Attention Poets!

WITH this number of *The Improvement Era* the new volume, volume 37, begins. Once more we are offering prizes for the best poems of the volume. In addition to the regular 12½¢ a line, we will pay \$10, \$5 and \$3 respectively, for the best poems submitted and published during the coming year, this number included. We are eager to make our poetry the best we have ever offered.

You may read *Bear Dance*, by Olive Woolley Burt, by turning to the April number of *The Improvement Era*.

"Foreboding," by Frances Hall; "Amethyst," by Fava K. Parker; and "Low Roofs," by Florence H. Townsend were the next three in popularity with the judges, but will receive no awards.

Mr. Culmsee, the champion poet, lives in Provo, but was first known to Utah readers when he resided in Nada. Rosannah Cannon, is a daughter of the former editor, Hugh J. Cannon, and is now living in California. Olive Woolley Burt is a member of the staff of the *Salt Lake Tribune*. Frances Hall lives in California; Fava K. Parker, in Ogden; and Florence H. Townsend, in Texas.

Prizes for the best poetry of the present volume will also be offered.

First Prize

A Skeptic's Christmas Eve

By Carlton Culmsee

ONE night in all the year
He could creep near
The ruddy fires that warmed him in his youth,
And catch weak glimmers of a once-clear truth.

Strangely enough, the little scarlet candles
And even frosty glints of tinseled shone
Farther than any sharp electric could.
Then he could scent the old mysterious sweetness
Of nights when stars were glances of the angels
And Bethlehem lay asleep not far away;
When truth, arrayed in loveliness, would beckon
With holy, irresistible allure.

One night in all the year he could forget—
Almost—that Truth for him lay shred by shred
Dissected round the groping microscopes;
More truth than any age had ever known,
But cut to bits and labelled and laid out
With all the lifting wonder, all the warmth
Ground out of it, bled out, at least for him.
And still the seekers worried at the truth,
Grinding the pieces finer than the dust.

One night in all the year his faith was strong
That some day he would thank them for their work;
Not for their mere material miracles
That helped him greatly in his daily toil,
But for a Vision: he should some day see
The myriad scattered fragments of the truth

Leap into splendid unity before him,
Greater in Resurrection than before!
Clothed in the glory of a mountain dawn,
Glory that filled the lungs, glory that kindled
A sacred passion in the eyes of men,
And he would rise and join them where they fought
The hard good battle on the shining heights.

All this he could believe

On Christmas Eve
When breezes in the fields were pinions throbbing
And far, faint trumpets murmured, sweetly sobbing.
December, 1932.

Second Prize

Sonnet

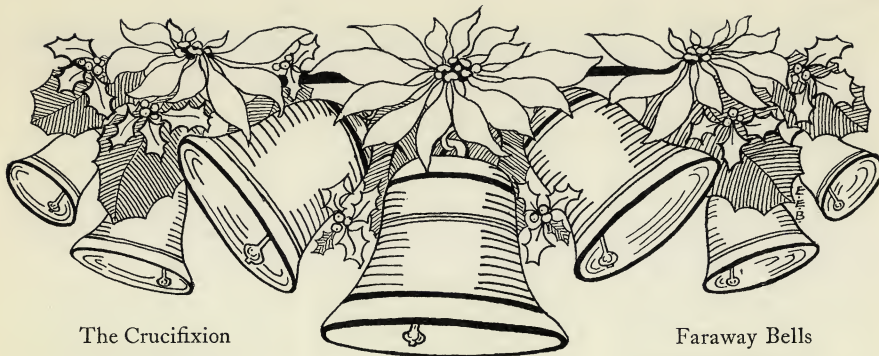
By Rosannah Cannon

THIS is the time I feared, when every place
Cries of your absence; here the little vase
You brought me filled with daffodils stands bare
Forever empty now to haunt me, there
The chair you like, your books so worn and dear,
Almost * * * almost I see you here,
At home once more, before the dreadful pain
Reminds me you will not return again.

That day in spring, we searched the upper wood
For violets, you thought that nothing could
Mar our bright dream, yet even then in me,
Something cold stirred. * * * This cannot always be!
And suddenly I wept, so faint and numb,
Knowing the end to which all dreams must come.

May, 1933.

FEW gifts of anywhere near the same price would be as greatly appreciated by many people as a year's subscription to "The Improvement Era." No matter where your friend or relative may be, an order accompanied by two dollars will guarantee a delivery of your best wishes conveyed through the pages of this magazine monthly throughout the year with no further activity on your part. It is appropriate that you begin your subscription with this number for the reason that with this issue the new volume begins—the finest and best volume of the magazine ever printed. Single copies will be mailed anywhere in the United States or Canada for twenty cents each. Others have used the magazine for Christmas cards and special messages. This number, perhaps, would be appropriate as a New Year's greeting to that relative or friend. Address: Circulation Department, *The Improvement Era*, 50 North Main St., Salt Lake City, Utah.



The Crucifixion

By Linnie Fisher Robinson

WITHOUT the holy cry,
Men had built to honor Him,
Hung the Lord, Son of David,
Hung to free a world from sin.

Darkness reigned, but in the blackness
The Light was lifted up;
And souls of men are drawn to Him
Who drank the bitter cup.

Darkness reigned, for darkness nailed Him,
A transgressor to a tree;
And the wicked, little dreaming—
Boasted of a victory!

Winter Landscape

By Eleanor Alletta Chaffee

THE ice storm left the trees all sheathed
in crystal,
And crystal hung the tinkling fruit that
gleamed
In frosted silver on the glistening branches.
Like unreal harvest in a story dreamed.

We walked where none had ever walked
before us,
Blue-deep our footprints broke the
tender snow;
The world was white save where beyond
the forest
It melted in the sunset's crimson glow.

Twinkle Tree

By Albert Huish Christensen

THE twinkle tree's pretty,
Isn't it pretty!
With lights that are sparkly
All scattered about;
They're up on the branches
And down on the branches—
Magic ones too, 'cause
You can't puff them out.

"It's only a pine tree," Bud said,
"Just a pine tree
That's all fixed for Xmas
With tinsel and light."
But I'm sure it's magic,
Really true magic,
How else could it be
So twinkly at night?

Christmas Bells

By Elsie E. Barrett

RING out sweet bells, sweet Christmas
bells!
There's need for songs your chiming spells;
The world is restless, overstrained,
There's lack of faith, fond hopes have
waned;

Ring out for more of charity,
For love and grace and harmony;
All through your ringing "Union" stress,
And urge each soul to righteousness.
Peal strong the message once again
That down the years has roll'd,
Of "Peace on earth good will to men"
As angels sang of old.
Swing high that tones both loud and clear
May echo through the coming year.

One Silver Star

By Veneta L. Nielsen

A CITY sleeps.
And hills and plains and all thereon
Are silent.
Save that a lone lamb calls
Or a shepherd stirs in sleeping—
His lonely vigil keeping

Peace hath been born!
Hosts, singing unto heaven, proclaim the
glory
Of the birth;
The Star Immortal leading
To where are lantern glowing
And drowsy cattle lowing.

The long years pass.
Men rise, they linger, and they rest
Still seeking:
"Star, lead thou us unto Him!"
(The old remember, and the young have
learned
How, passionate, the long light burned.)

The city sleeps.
Hearts that wait, and lights that gleam
therein
Are quiet.
Only, perhaps, the silence knows
How hearts, how lights, lift up and cry
afar:
"We ask it in thy memory
O, Silver Star!"

Faraway Bells

By Edgar Daniel Kramer

THOUGH I am tramping the valleys,
Though I am sailing the seas,
Over the crashing of waters,
Over the whisper of trees,
Lo, I am ever more hearing
Mystical music that swells
Up through the dawn and the dusktime,
Ringing of faraway bells!

Though a road echoes my treading,
Though a deck slants to my feet,
Be the time summer or winter,
I see a tree-shaded street
And a house set in a garden,
Where in the door a lass stands,
Peering in vain through the twilight,
Shading her eyes with her hands.

Though I have roamed the world over,
What have I gained from my quest?
Only the anguish of knowing
That I can never more rest,
That I am doomed to go seeking
Lands where the fire-bird dwells
With my heart aching and hearing
Ringing of faraway bells.

Those Threads of Gray

By Hugh Randall Ackley

IF I could know those threads of gray
I noticed in your hair today
Were the result of passing years,
Instead of heartache, worry, tears,
I'd still regret that they should be,
But it would bring relief to me.

For, knowing well wherein I failed
You and the sorrow thus entailed,
My conscience points to each gray hair
Accusing that I placed it there,
As though to force me to confess
My absolute unworthiness.

Perhaps, if I had tried my best,
I might have stood each crucial test
When tempted to forget and stray
Out of the straight and narrow way,
But I lacked wisdom which it takes
To guard mankind against mistakes.

Now, each mistake that I have made
Becomes a debt which must be paid
And all those tiny threads of gray
I noticed in your hair today,
Are braided by some subtle art
Into a lash that smites my heart.

Church Schools and Seminaries

The Logan L. D. S. Institute

By DR. W. W. HENDERSON

IT would be a good thing if more of the Latter-day Saints knew about the College Institutes established by the Church at several of the Colleges and Universities in Utah and Idaho, and if they really knew what a great need these Institutes are supplying. I have had intermittent contact with several of these Institutes and have had prolonged association with the one at Logan. To say that I have been emphatically impressed by the noteworthy good these Institutions are doing seems mild. I find, however, in visiting different parts of the state that frequently people who are active in the Church have never heard of the Logan L. D. S. Institute, and it is a common occurrence to hear students say when they come to Logan that they did not know about the Institute until they became students at the College. There has been no effort, I am sure, to keep these Institutes a secret, but it does seem, that knowledge of them is not becoming general very rapidly. Without any intention whatever of slighting the other L. D. S. Institutes established by the Church, I would like to tell a little about the one at Logan—the one I know best.

The Logan L. D. S. Institute was established and began operation in 1927. The Church acquired grounds for the Institute conveniently near the campus of the Utah State Agricultural College. The great rectangular square which constitutes the College grounds is indented at a very convenient corner by property which the College had not acquired. The Church acquired a portion of this indentation, so that the Institute Building is brought right to

the heart of the Campus and is so conveniently located that students can exchange classes between this building and any portion of the Campus within the allotted ten minutes for exchanges of classes between all hours.

Under the very able directorship of Doctor Thomas C. Romney, the Institute has set up a schedule of week day classes which exactly fits the schedule of the College, and Dr. Romney is offering a rich selection of Courses in Religious Education standardized on a Collegiate basis according to the best of American Academic standards. All these courses, not strictly sectarian in nature, are accepted for credit towards graduation at the College, and indeed at all standard colleges and universities, so that a magnificent working arrangement exists, and students so inclined find it convenient to follow religious thought on a plane and to an extent comparable with academic procedure in the American College.

There are three general and very worthy features in the work of the Institute. The most extensive and probably the most important is the week day instruction already mentioned. There are many thousands of young men and women in the Church and in other churches as well securing a college education who would like to re-examine religious thought with the instruments of collegiate procedure. If opportunity is afforded them they are likely to become, in fact nearly all of them do become more usefully active in the cause of religion than before. If opportunity is not afforded them, and it is most regretful that it is not in many instances, the student too often doubts

the ability of religion to stand the collegiate test and as a result falls into a fatalistic mood of religious inactivity. Many hundreds have actually taken this very regrettable course. The primary function of the Institute is to forestall such a course, and to make the college trained man or woman a useful agent in religious uplift.

A second feature of the work of the Institute is to offer an opportunity for worship and for religious education on Sunday. The Institute Sunday School has been a phenomenal success ever since its beginning, six years ago. The Institute building contains a chapel, with a seating capacity of three hundred and fifty, and two large class rooms.

The third feature of the work is the social. The building contains a magnificent reception room and a beautiful social hall. These are extensively used by the many clubs and societies of students and faculty of the College. The characteristic atmosphere of the Institute dominates the procedure in all these socials so that all students, whether enrolled in the daily classes of the Institute or not, come under the very wholesome influence of the Institute and invariably respond with comparable behavior.

After watching the Logan L. D. S. Institute from the College Campus for a few years and after having had association with its Sunday and social work, I feel that the whole body of the Church and especially College students should know about the Church Institutes and should avail themselves of any possible opportunity to become identified with one of them.

B. Y. U. Establishes Visual Instruction Service

THE Extension Division of Brigham Young University, ever anxious to provide desirable service to the schools and communities of the inter-mountain area, has established a Bureau of Visual Instruction. The chief function of the Bureau is to provide suitable motion pictures, filmstrips, and other materials for the use of the schools and seminaries, stakes and wards.

Those who have used such materials in their classes properly and regularly

have found that interest is increased; voluntary reading and effort are stimulated; learning is more rapid and more effective; slow learners are aided materially; and failures are reduced. These schools have been obliged to send long distances for their materials.

The new service at B. Y. U. places at the disposal of schools and seminaries of this section approximately 150 reels of motion pictures and 500 filmstrips, for use in teaching agricul-

ture, athletics, biology, general science, geography, history, industrial arts, L. D. S. Church history, literature, New Testament, Old Testament, physical science, physiology, and other subjects.

Mr. F. Wilken Fox is in charge of the visual instruction service, assisted temporarily by Dr. Ellsworth C. Dent, who has been in charge of the visual instruction service at the University of Kansas for the past ten years.

M. I. A. and B. Y. U. Leadership Week Jan. 29 to Feb. 2

By OSCAR A. KIRKHAM

THE General Boards of The Young Men's and Young Women's Mutual Improvement Associations always look forward each year to the coming of Leadership Week at the Brigham Young University. This affords us an outstanding opportunity to rally our leaders to this institution where the

members of the Faculty and the administrative officers of the University have given us complete cooperation in furnishing new inspiration and information to M. I. A. workers.

This year with the theme "Character in the Modern World," there will be an added attraction and a great

opportunity for us to rally our leaders and accomplish a greater amount of good than ever before. The General Boards are now planning the detailed program and we invite our people everywhere to look forward to this event and plan to be in attendance.

★ MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD ★

A NEW publication, *The Priesthood Bulletin*, will be issued before the first of the year 1934 to be used by the High Priests and Elders in their quorum work. The Seventies have their own outline. This bulletin is expected to be indispensable to the quorum officers and helpful to the members of the quorums.

The Bulletin will contain in each issue not only general information relative to the proper procedure in conducting the monthly quorum meeting as well as the weekly group meeting, but also a complete lesson on a Gospel-theme, which will be considered consecutively throughout the year. The Gospel-theme lesson will be printed in full in order that every member may have it at hand for convenient and careful study.

In addition to the usual reports and assignments incident to every up-to-date quorum meeting, emphasis will be given during 1934 to three principal topics, viz.:

1. Consideration of topics in Priesthood Manual.
2. Consideration of Gospel Theme.
3. Current events and world happenings.

The Bulletin will be issued quarterly, as are the Gospel Doctrine lessons, and will cost for printing and postage 25c for the four numbers or 10c per leaflet.

To expedite the distribution of *The Bulletin*, quorum secretaries should receive subscriptions from individual members, send the list with addresses and the money to the Deseret Book Company, 44 East South Temple, Salt Lake City, and the pamphlets will be mailed directly to each subscriber.

The Gospel Theme for the year 1934 is, "The Divine Mission of Joseph Smith."

We are relying upon the hearty co-operation of all High Priests and Elders to make our quorums function in the fields to which they have been divinely appointed.

EXCERPTS FROM THE BULLETIN,
FIRST QUARTER, 1934
(Issued Quarterly to the Quorum of the Melchizedek Priesthood)

This bulletin is printed primarily in the interest of the monthly quorum meeting of the Melchizedek Priesthood of the Church. For detailed instructions relative to the purposes, importance and order of business of this meeting, members are respectfully referred to the Priesthood Manual, a Hand Book for Quorums of the Melchizedek Priesthood, 1933, pp. 51-55 and 72-77.

The following is the Order of Business prescribed:

Order of Business—Monthly Meeting
1. Singing.

2. Prayer.
3. Singing.
4. Reports on appointments and assignments previously made.
5. Consideration of quorum duties relative to established meetings, needs of members, etc.
6. Assignments and appointments; ward teaching—visiting sick—assisting missionaries—quarterly conferences—Sacrament meetings, etc. (See Manual, p. 53; pp 54-55.)
7. Lesson: Priesthood Manual (15 minutes):
For example:
Subject: See Manual.
8. Gospel Theme. "The Divine Mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith." (See article in "Bulletin" for the month.)
9. Music.
10. Current Events and World Happenings. (15 minutes.)
11. Singing.
12. Benediction.

It will be noted that there are three topics which by their importance will consume most of the time of every meeting. These are:

1. Consideration of Topics in the Priesthood Manual.
2. Consideration of a Gospel Theme.
3. Current Events and World Happenings.

Under the first heading—Consideration of Topics in the Priesthood Manual, helpful suggestions should be given by the Quorum Presidency relative to matters and methods pertaining to the Weekly Group Meeting. (See Manual, pp. 42-50.)

2. The Gospel Course to be studied during the Gospel Themes, 1934, is:

THE DIVINE MISSION OF THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH

In order that every quorum member may have the lessons conveniently at his hand this part of the order of business will be printed in the quarterly. Questions and problems for discussion will follow each lesson.

The purpose of giving this in detail is to enable each one to study his lesson at home, so that he may come to the meeting prepared to consider intelligently the vital questions propounded.

The time devoted to this theme should be a recitative not a study period. In other words, the lesson should be carefully studied outside this class period. The First Quarterly will contain Orson Pratt's excellent treatise, "Was Joseph Smith sent of God?"

3. Current Events.

We are living in one of the most important transition periods of the

world's history. Perhaps never before have such mighty changes taken place in so short a time. Political governments that determine the destiny of nations if not of the civilized world change almost in a day. Economic standards that have been considered stable and safe are peremptorily discarded and replaced by others new and untried. The approach to theological questions, to the origin of man and his purpose and destiny on earth is as different today as is the method and speed of transportation.

It is the duty of all men who hold the Priesthood of Almighty God to keep abreast of the times and see how He overrules even the mistakes and errors of men to bring about the consummation of His divine will.

Brethren, make your quorum meeting a means of keeping the members well informed and up to date.

Regarding "things both in heaven and in the earth, and under the earth; things which have been, things which are, things which must shortly come to pass; things which are at home, things which are abroad; the wars and the perplexities of the nations, and the judgments which are on the land; and a knowledge also of countries and of kingdoms—

"That ye may be prepared in all things when I shall send you again to magnify the calling whereunto I have called you, and the mission with which I have commissioned you."

The Gospel Doctrine Class:

No other meeting in the Church should contribute more to the spirit of brotherhood and fraternity than the monthly quorum meeting, to which only those who are worthy, and properly enrolled can rightfully belong. However, once a month is too infrequent as a limit for a study of Gospel themes. This should be pursued at least once each week. For this purpose, the Gospel Doctrine Class is organized and conducted for the Priesthood and their wives every Sunday morning. Of the necessity of such study note the following divine admonition:

"And I give unto you a commandment that you shall teach one another the doctrine of the kingdom.

"Teach ye diligently and my grace shall attend you that you may be instructed more perfectly in theory, in principle, in doctrine, in the law of the Gospel, in all things that pertain unto the kingdom of God, that are expedient for you to understand." See Manual, p. 32; also 44-45.

DAVID O. McKAY,
JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH,
JOHN A. WIDTISOE,

Melchizedek Priesthood Committee.

WARD TEACHING

Announcement

IN order to give new impetus to the important subject of Ward Teaching and to assist those responsible for this work future issues of *The Improvement Era* will devote an entire page to the Ward Teachers' Message for the month and suggestions and helps for Ward Teachers. Every effort will be made to provide information regarding successful methods being used and progress in securing the activity of Ordained Teachers in this activity.

Ward Teaching by Ordained Teachers

By BISHOP DAVID A. SMITH
of the Presiding Bishopric

IF you have been studying carefully your Priesthood activity reports, you will find that the one lacking most in progress is that of the ordained Teachers. We feel that the Lord intended that we should do just what he said should be done in Section 20 of the Doctrine and Covenants, which is as follows: "*The Teachers' duty is to watch over the Church always and be with and strengthen them, and see that there is no iniquity in the Church, neither hardness with each other, neither lying, backbiting, nor evil speaking, and see that the church meet together often, and also see that all the members do their duty.*" It is surprising how many of us there are who feel that that job is beyond the ability of the ordained Teacher to master. If we will follow through with some other passages of Section 84 we will find that the Lord says: "*And if any man among you be strong in the spirit, let him take with him him that is weak, that he may be edified in all meekness, that he may become strong also. Therefore, take with you those who are ordained unto the Lesser Priesthood, and send them before you to make appointments and to prepare the way and to fill appointments that you yourselves are not able to fulfill. Behold, this is the way that mine apostles in ancient days built up my Church unto me. Therefore, let every man stand in his own office and labor in his own calling, and let not the head say unto the feet, it hath no need of the feet, for without the feet, how shall the body be able to stand. Also, the body hath need of every member that all may be edified together, that the system may be kept perfect.*" We believe, and demonstrations have clearly proven the wisdom of carrying out these instructions, that it is a good

thing to take these young men during the two years they are expected to serve as ordained teachers and send them into the homes of the Church where the members are in good standing. They are not missionaries expected to go into the homes where there may be contention, but to the homes of faithful members of the Church where they will be treated with kindness and consideration. Let them go into the homes of this kind and you will get results. We say, if you want good teaching done, call your ordained teachers and

have them do it. Give them a carefully prepared program and send them into the homes to teach. It can be done. The Lord has told us that it should be done. Is it not our duty to give to these young men the necessary training and send them into the homes of the Church, where they can learn the meaning of service and gain a better understanding of the Gospel principles? We know it can be done and sincerely hope all will see to it that every ordained teacher is doing this work.

Ward Teachers' Message for January, 1934

Prepared by OSCAR W. McCONKIE, Under Appointment of the Presiding Bishopric

Faith

FAITH is the world's paramount need. It is God's rare gift, gained through testimonies and the Spirit of Truth. It is not mere passive belief, but is of the heart and causes an abandonment of evil. It adds eternal values to life's experiences and makes truth more profitable to mankind. Sorrow, anxiety, countless forebodings, and dreadful anticipations are avoided through it. It strikes down doubt; lightens heavy laden hearts; electrifies darkened visions, and illuminates the soul. If one could gain the world, without faith, life would be wasted. A scant outline suggested early in Church History stimulates reflection. It is:

1. Show What Faith Is.
2. Show The Object Upon Which It Rests.
3. Show The Effects Which Flow From It.

WHAT FAITH IS

Faith is a pearl of great price. It is the world's first great governing principle with power over all things, by which 'they exist, by it they are upheld, by it they are changed, or by it they remain agreeable to the will of God.' Without faith there can be no power or authority; there could be no spiritual or temporal creation; no man, nor any existence. It is the first principle of the gospel; is "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," the "assurance which men have of things which they have not seen." It is a spiritual force which operates by direction upon both grosser and spiritual elements; is the exercise of mental power, and is the moving cause of all action, moving to exertion. It is the beginning of righteousness; the stepping stone leading to God. It is to believe in God,

with force and energy. It is an activator that assures with a conviction that accelerates and impels to action. It is an absolving, saving power that leads to God, inspiring voluntary humility and repentance.

OBJECT UPON WHICH IT RESTS

Man ought to "believe in God; believe that he is, and that he created all things, both in heaven and in earth; believe that he has all wisdom, and all power," that "he is the only supreme Governor and independent Being, in whom all fulness and perfection and every good faith and principle dwell independently." Full confidence should be anchored in his power. But there must be (1) the idea that God is; (2) a correct understanding of his character, perfections, and attributes, and (3) a knowledge that one's course of life is according to his will. Without a comprehensive understanding of these, faith may be exercised sufficient to gain many blessings, but without them faith unto exaltation cannot be had. They are necessary to an approach with perfect assurance. He that "cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him."

EFFECTS WHICH FLOW FROM IT

Abraham believed God, obeyed, and went out, knowing not where, and "it was accounted unto him for righteousness." By faith Moses, fearing not the king nor any man, fled Egypt, and "saw God face to face." Through faith the walls of Jericho fell; kingdoms were subdued; the earth trembled; Enoch was translated; the sick are healed; the just are preserved and sanctified, and become the children of light; the mysteries of God are revealed, and the Holy Ghost is made

(Continued on page 56)

* * AARONIC PRIESTHOOD * *

Suggestions for the New Year

WITH the coming of a new year it is proper and helpful for leaders of the various organizations of the Church to establish objectives for the year ahead. Some of the objectives Aaronic Priesthood Supervisors should have for 1934 are:

1. Contacting every member of the Aaronic Priesthood in the Ward for the purpose of securing some activity in behalf of the Church.

2. Making thorough preparation through careful and prayerful study

for the conducting of quorum or class periods and the activity programs of the Aaronic Priesthood quorums.

3. Complete cooperation with the Correlation Committee in order that frequent contacts may be made with all young men 12 to 20 in the ward.

4. That a class for adult members of the Aaronic Priesthood should be established in every ward in the Church.

5. That members of the Aaronic Priesthood be encouraged to engage in ward teaching.

6. That plans for quorum socials, outings and pilgrimages to historical places be made a part of every ward and stake program.

7. That the activity program of the Aaronic Priesthood be emphasized and that every possible effort be made to have more members of quorums accept and fill priesthood assignments.

8. That all the foregoing to be used as means of increasing attendance at quorum meetings.

Aaronic Priesthood Speakers in Sacrament Meetings

THE recommendation of the Presiding Bishopric that a member of the Aaronic Priesthood be asked to give an address of two to five minutes in every sacrament meeting is being

renewed for 1934. It is urged that Bishops and Aaronic Priesthood Supervisors cooperate in planning a regular schedule of talks to be made and that the supervisor cooperate with the mem-

bers of the Priesthood in the preparation of the addresses. Excellent results are being secured where this plan is being followed.

Lesson Outlines for 1934

LESSON outlines for all Aaronic Priesthood quorums for 1934 are being provided by the Presiding Bishopric. Lessons for this year continue in the series adopted some years ago. For the Priests the subject is Missionary Themes, Number 3. The Teachers will study "Some of Life's Discoveries" and the Deacons will study

course number one for Deacons which is composed largely of faith-promoting stories, testimonies and instructions.

It is urged that all quorums and classes of the Aaronic Priesthood follow these lessons as they form an important part of the training program provided by the Church for its young

men. When, for any reason, sufficient time is not provided in the regular meeting of the quorum or class, the regular lesson outlines should be followed and each lesson in order assigned for outside reading. Reports of those who have read the lessons should be called for each week the same as for any other Priesthood activity.

Adult Aaronic Priesthood Classes

THE establishment of special classes for adult members of Aaronic Priesthood, those who have passed beyond the age of 20 and still hold the office of Priest, Teacher or Deacon, is

proving to be a most effective means for contacting inactive adult members and reviving their interest in Priesthood and church activities. During the coming year it is urged that this

movement be adopted in all wards of the Church. Since the introduction of this plan at the October Aaronic Priesthood Convention, many stakes have put it into operation with excellent success.

Ward Teaching by Aaronic Priesthood

SUCH encouraging and satisfactory results are being reported to the Presiding Bishopric from stakes and wards where members of the Aaronic Priesthood are engaged in regular ward teaching that this plan is again being urged upon all who have direction of

this work. In some stakes the greater part of all ward teaching is now being done by members of the Aaronic Priesthood. In many of these stakes the best results are being secured where members of the Aaronic Priesthood do ward teaching in pairs rather than

being assigned to go with older men. It is hoped that 1934 will show a substantial increase in the percentage of ward teaching done by young men and in the number of young men brought into this service.

Monthly Reports from Stakes

IN the future, no monthly report from stake Aaronic Priesthood Committees will be required to be sent to the Presiding Bishopric. The information desired is being provided for in the ward and stake quarterly and annual reports. The post card reports of ward committees to the stake commit-

tee will continue as heretofore and should be made promptly by every ward committee to the stake committee. In compiling priesthood information for the quarterly and annual reports Aaronic Priesthood Supervisors should cooperate wherever possible with ward clerks.

Elimination of the requirement for the stake priesthood activity report in no way affects the stake Aaronic Priesthood Correlation Committee Report. This is required to be sent to the Presiding Bishop's Office monthly by the stake clerk, who is secretary of the Stake Correlation Committee.

Aaronic Priesthood Correlation Meetings and Reports

ONE of the outstanding movements to be considered in the Aaronic Priesthood during 1934 is the Aaronic Priesthood Correlation Plan. This plan has now been in operation in the Church for nearly three years and has proven its value wherever followed consistently and persistently. Thousands of inactive members of the Aaronic Priesthood between the ages of 12 and 20 have been brought into activity as a result of the operation of the Correlation plan. It is one of the

most resultful movements in the Church today. It is urged (1) that every ward, except those with a very small population, inaugurate and conduct Aaronic Priesthood Correlation meetings each month, (2) that in small wards the members of the bishopric act as the correlation committee devoting sufficient time each month to this important work to carry forward the visits as outlined in the plan, (3) that new projects and activities be developed as the correlation plan pro-

gresses so that it will not become monotonous or irksome in its application, (4) that each ward, large or small, make the regular monthly report of the work of the Ward Correlation Committee to the Stake Correlation Committee, (5) that the Stake Correlation Committee hold regular meetings where the reports from the wards are discussed and appropriate actions decided upon, and (6) that Stake Committees report to the Presiding Bishopric monthly following the stake meetings.

The Nine Months Reports

REPORTS of Aaronic Priesthood activity throughout the Church, covering the first nine months of the year, show a substantial increase in practically all phases of our work. Liberty Stake leads in the total Aaronic Priest-

hood membership with 2,184; Grant is second with 2,043 and Granite third with 1,812. Five stakes report 100% quorum organization, that is, all quorums are fully organized according to the standard numbers given

by revelation with quorums or classes being organized in every ward according to Church standards. These are Culew, Gunnison, Hyrum, Moapa and Wasatch.

Inactive Older Men in the Priesthood

IN answer to the question as to the means adopted to get older, inactive men into service in the Priesthood, one of the bishops has made this report:

"We have advanced five men from the Aaronic to the Melchizedek Priesthood. First, we personally took up a labor with these men in their homes. They carried the spirit of indifference, and 'I don't care.' Finally we were successful in getting them to promise to come out to meetings. Only two of them kept their promise, and three failed us. We again contacted these men in their homes, together with their wives and children, and asked them if they would let us call for them on Sunday mornings and take them over to Church. This they consented to do, so for several Sundays we called for these men and took them to our Priesthood meetings, which at this time

were always held at 9 o'clock Sunday morning. We always allowed these men to meet with the Elders' Quorum. After they proved to us that they meant business, we of course recommended them to the Stake Presidency for advancement in the Priesthood.

"These men were not qualified to do any spiritual work, but we put all five men to work; one as Ward Librarian; two as doorkeepers for all of our amusements, including picture shows; one we placed with a wonderfully fine man on the Enlistment Committee of our Sunday School. About all he did was drive his car for the other man; and the other one we placed on the Building Committee. We gradually got these men to work in as Ward Teachers. Three of them had to quit the use of tobacco, and today all five men are very active, two of them hav-

ing gone through the Temple with their families.

"It seems to me that this can be accomplished in nine cases out of ten by persistent and religious effort on the part of any Bishopric. I only wish that we had more time to do this kind of work. After once getting them started, I think the secret is in keeping them busy in some line of church activity. You have first to establish the confidence of these people. You have to make them feel that their problems are your problems. You have to put yourselves out to shake their hands and to contact them, and if a man does this he can usually win."

With the adoption of the plan for Adult Aaronic Priesthood classes the principles enumerated by this bishop can be used to excellent advantage.

Wins Trip to Century of Progress Exposition

LYNN ANDERSON, son of Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Anderson, of Imbler Ward, Union Stake, Oregon, won a trip to the Chicago Century of Progress Exposition for himself and his teacher, Mr. D. B. Raskopp, in a national competition conducted by the *Scholastic News*. The paper offered five trips to the fair, one in each of five zones. Young Anderson, 19, a senior in his high school and a Priest in the L. D. S. Church, captured the honors in the Western zone. He and his teacher left for the Fair on July 4 and returned August 10. He reported that he was much impressed by the L. D. S. Church exhibit.

In winning, Mr. Anderson passed an examination of 99 per cent on national and inter-national events from September 15, 1932, to April 15, 1933, and in addition wrote a paper on "The Cost of Medical



Lynn Anderson

Care." The Western zone comprised all states west of the Mississippi.

Sharon Stake Publishes Paper

UNDER the title, "The Voice of Sharon," a monthly newspaper is published by "Sharon's Cooperative Educational-Recreational Association," otherwise known as SCERA. Activities of young people are prominent in the news columns with Priesthood activities being given a full share of attention. Dee Glenn Brown is editor, Myrl Wentz, associate editor and Henry D. Taylor, business manager. The "Voice" is made the medium through which members of the stake are kept posted on stake and ward activities. It is without doubt one of the most enterprising ventures along these lines yet undertaken by a stake group.

MUTUAL MESSAGES



Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices

General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A.

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,
RICHARD R. LYMAN,
MELVIN J. BALLARD,
OSCAR A. KIRKHAM
Executive Secretary

General Offices Y. L. M. I. A.

33 BISHOP'S BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.

50 NORTH MAIN STREET
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Presidency Y. L. M. I. A.

RUTH MAY FOX,
LUCY GRANT CANNON,
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY,
ELSIE HOGAN
Executive Secretary

New Year's Greetings

To Mutual Improvement Workers Throughout the Church:

AS the executive officers of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations we send to you at the opening of this New Year an expression of our thanks and our confidence with love, greetings and blessing.

An outstanding desire of human hearts should be to live well rather than to live long, and since man's actions are the result of his religious belief, you will agree that at any cost, in time, effort or money, it will prove profitable if we succeed in keeping alive our interest and activity in spiritual things. If working in the M. I. A. keeps alive this religious interest then rich indeed is our reward.

It is not logic or learning, it is not familiarity with literature or science that makes human beings good and happy citizens. The spur to higher ideals and accomplishments is religious beliefs.

To the prayerful and otherwise faithful Christian "every day is a fresh beginning, every morn is the world made new." To active Latter-day Saints there come also frequent and additional opportunities to reflect and to take stock of current conduct and accomplishments.

As an army of M. I. A. officers, teachers and members let us, this New Year, 1934, give ourselves over to self-examination and seek an opportunity in an M. I. A. meeting or in a Fast Meeting to feel that intense repentant spirit and to pledge anew our determination to do our best to live in accordance with our own and with the Church ideals and standards.

Let us examine ourselves, in the light of modern revelation and in the light of our own Church doctrines and teachings and find if we are actually "honest, true, chaste, benevolent and virtuous." If not, let us on our bended knees in the family circle and in secret pray fervently for the repentant spirit

and for strength also to do better and to be stronger during the year 1934.

Let us ask ourselves how well we measure up to Church standards. Is our tithing paid in full? Have we contributed our full share of the cost of providing churches, chapels, lights, heat, etc., so as to make it possible to provide facilities for us and for those we love to get training and experience in Gospel teaching, in real religion, that something that determines the quality of our actions?

Have we partaken of the Sacrament regularly and have we done this worthily?

Have we been faithful and regular in having our family and our secret prayers?

Have we been good fathers and mothers, have we been good sons and good daughters?

Have we been wise and frugal? Have we lived within our income?

Are we living in accordance with the Word of Wisdom? Do we M. I. A. folks set an example in this regard which not only our own Church people observe with pride and admiration, but which those not of our own faith also look upon as an evidence of our sincerity and as proof of the strength, vitality, and genuine effectiveness of our Church, its doctrines and its practices?

As neighbors are we kind, friendly and helpful? Do those who live next to us or across the way look upon us as good people? Are they proud and pleased to associate with us and to have our children and theirs play together? Or do we quarrel with our neighbors and other associates?

Are our own homes homes of peace and happiness, love, contentment and joy?

Answering questions like these will tell us how successful we have been in getting real religion into our lives, how worthy we are as M. I. A. members and how successful we have been in our efforts "to be perfect."

We are workers in a great, a mighty institution whose purpose is to do good, first to ourselves, and then to others.

The swiftness with which our Mutual Improvement work is going forward, the effective way in which it touches and thus improves the lives of thousands, especially of the young, is cause for us to pause at the beginning of this New Year and give thanks to our Heavenly Father for His divine guidance and help.

Our hearts and souls are filled with pride and joy at being associated with you in this great cause. We thank you again for your support and for your devotion to Mutual Improvement work and standards, we pray for strength to come to all of us that we may be able to carry on, that our ideals may advance and that as they do so we may struggle still harder to reach that perfection which means happiness and satisfaction here and joy everlasting with salvation certain in our Father's kingdom hereafter.

Faithfully and affectionately your fellow workers in the Mutual Improvement Association,

General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A.

By George Albert Smith,
Richard R. Lyman,
Melvin J. Ballard,

General Presidency Y. L. M. I. A.

By Ruth May Fox,
Lucy Grant Cannon,
Clarissa A. Beesley,

Note of Appreciation

IN connection with the Century of Progress Exhibition held in Chicago the past summer, the National Council of Women of the United States displayed, in the Social Science Building, the advancement women have made within that time.

Mrs. Frances P. Parks, Vice-President of the National Council, was the director of this exhibit and found it necessary to call on organizations affiliated with the Council to appoint attendants who would serve at stated times as hostesses to welcome visitors and explain the exhibit.

The Y. L. M. I. A. named Mrs.

Lucetta W. Reece who has charge of the work in the Northern States Mission. Mrs. Reece with her committee generously responded to our request, for which service we are very grateful. How well they accomplished this assignment is shown by the following letter:

November 12, 1933

Mrs. Ruth May Fox
Dear Mrs. Fox:

It is a pleasure to confirm your faith in the representatives from your organization co-operating with the National Council of Women at the World's Fair.

Organized "according to a plan" with Mrs. Lucetta Reece efficient chairman, a committee of four hostesses upheld the fine name of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association. Whatever the weather might be—and we've had all varieties!—your hostesses reported on dot for duty. Visitors to the exhibit booth were welcomed, given a comprehensive lesson in the part organized women have played in the onward march of American women and an inspiration for the future.

There have been heart-warming tributes to the uniform courtesy and kindness of our hostesses. A share of this appreciation belongs to the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association.

Cordially yours

Mrs. Frances P. Parks
Vice-President National Council
Director National Council Exhibit

We are pleased to announce that at the Biennial Session of the National Council of Women of the United States, held November 23, 24, 1933, Mrs. W. C. Wessel, Former Field Secretary of the Y. L. M. I. A., who was appointed proxy for Ruth May Fox, President of the Y. L. M. I. A., was elected Corresponding Secretary of the Council.

Joint Program for February

1. Singing—"America, the Beautiful"—Ward Choir and M. I. A. Chorus, with Congregation.

2. Invocation.

3. Solo—"The Star Spangled Banner" or "The Flag Without a Stain"—Chorus or Choir and Congregation to join in the refrain.

4. Flag Ceremony and Pledge—Boy Scouts.

5. Reading—"The Flag Goes By," from "101 Best Poems," or "Who Gave You the Name of Old Glory?" by James Whitcomb Riley, found in his works, or a similar reading. If these or other appropriate poems cannot be found a scriptural reading might be substituted. See Doc. and Cov. 101: 76, 77, 78.

6. M. I. A. Ladies' Chorus.

7. Speech (Length to meet the time requirements of the various wards)—"My Country"—by a Senior Man or Woman.

8. Singing—"Let the Heavens Resound"—Ward Choir and M. I. A. Chorus or the chorus alone if the choir has not practiced the anthem.

Notes: Those mutuals in America will not forget that the month is made noteworthy by having in it the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln. Appropriate readings dealing with these men might be substituted for the ones suggested here. The poem, "Washington's Mother," by Carlton Culmsee, printed in *The Improvement Era* last February, would be a good one to read.

We suggest that the speaker treat his subject from the angle of modern revelation using the following passages as a foundation upon which to prepare the talk: Deut. 33:16-17; 1 Nephi 13: 10-42. See Ether 13:1; Doc. and Cov., Sec. 101:76, 77, 78. These references indicate that America has been reserved for the establishment of a new national system headed up in some executive other than a king and that the constitution of America was inspired by the Lord. Washington and Lincoln, as well as the framers of the constitution, were important in establishing the government. Washington, an aristocrat by birth and training, became a great democrat, risking his life and fortune to establish a free people. Lincoln was not an aristocrat, but he risked everything to save the union and, finally, to free the slaves and make the land truly Christian.

N. B.: Saints living in other countries may substitute their own patriotic songs for these and voice their own patriotism in song and readings.

Winners in Road Show Act Contest Announced

SEVERAL months ago the General Boards offered prizes of \$15.00, \$10.00 and \$5.00 for the best road show acts. The points of judgment were to be—theme 20%, organization 20%, entertainment value 20%, staging possibilities 20%, clearness of description 20%. The acts were to be of ten to twenty minutes duration, they were to be original, and they must have been presented successfully. The acts winning first, second and third place respectively are "Life's Greatest Wealth," by Virginia C. Nelson, Wasatch Ward, Granite Stake; "Light," by Mrs. Afton Free Baird and Mrs. Bernice Cheshire, Emerson Ward, Granite Stake; "Secrets," by LaRue Longdon, 19th Ward, Salt Lake Stake.

Testimonial No. 21

General Supt. Y. M. M. I. A.
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Every ward Maricopa Stake over the top *Improvement Era* drive with four hundred thirty-three total subscriptions secured. We have also secured this season twenty-six additional life members, again making Maricopa Stake a one hundred percent life membership stake.

Delbert L. Stapley, Supt.

Received 11/20/33 at 50 North Main St.

Suggestions For News Reporters

THE M. I. A. news reporter has an important place in every ward M. I. A. Here is an opportunity for service, interest and training all at the same time. Here are some suggestions for making the most of the opportunity:

1. The chief ward reporter should visit the local paper, if there is one available in the ward or near the ward in question. He should learn what kinds of news the editor likes and how he would like it prepared. Remember that the editor does like *news*, but that he has limits. Those limits should be ascertained.

2. The chief reporter then, if he or she would like to do a thorough job and to create interest in the organization, may organize a staff with a reporter in each division. For instance the Scouts, the Vanguards, the M Men, the Junior Girls, the Bee-Hive Girls, the Gleaner Girls, etc., could each have a reporter, or the ward reporter could make contacts with each of these departments himself. Every officer is a potential source of news.

3. The material handed in to the paper should be written carefully on one side of the paper only in clear, heavy pencil or clear ink, or it should be typewritten. It should be the pride of the reporter to turn in copy which may be used without the change in the "dotting of an i or the crossing of a t."

4. The reporter, if he wishes education in handling news material, should study the form employed by good news reporters. Any paper will furnish material for study. The reading public is interested in When, Where, How, What, Who. Names of people should be carefully spelled out. Initials should be correct. Often it is well to print names, as the editor frequently has no means of checking the spelling to see whether that n is an n or a u, or whether that r is an r or a v.

5. The reporter should do his work so well that the entire organization may be proud of the newspaper reports.

* ERA AND PUBLICITY *

THE *Era* campaign for subscriptions is still of paramount interest and importance throughout the Church. While the first month is now past the campaign must not cease the year round. It is important that the magazine be placed in as many homes as possible inside and outside the Church.

If the membership would come to the support of the publication it would have a circulation which would give it considerable power for good in this and also in other countries as an international agency of good will.

The contest is not over until April 15, but even then *Era* and Publicity directors should keep following up prospects in every ward.

The standing as of December 10 is here boxed.

Hollywood Stake Makes Some Suggestions

HOLLYWOOD STAKE forwarded to the office of *The Improvement Era* a bulletin which was issued in November to ward publicity directors. The instructions are sound and therefore are being passed on to the field. The editors of the *Era* will be happy to have other bulletins submitted.

Hollywood Stake Bulletin

GOOD NEWS MAY BE FOUND ANYWHERE!

News stories are like wild game, hidden from the eye of the inexperienced, but visible everywhere to the trained reporter.

DEVELOP A NOSE FOR NEWS

Reporting is not a One-idea Job. Good reporters are alive to all that is going on in the ward in which they live.

SOME RULES

1. *Most Important of All, BE ACCURATE.* Never make mistakes, especially in names and addresses.
2. *Stick to Facts.* Leave your own opinion out of the story. Beware of adjectives. Let your readers judge for themselves whether or not it was "an unusually successful party."



Irma Bradford
Star Valley Stake



Carl Robinson
Star Valley Stake

Stakes Leading in Number of Subscriptions

1. St. Joseph	475
2. Fremont	466
3. Liberty	420
4. Maricopa	419
5. Salt Lake	360
6. Hollywood	353
7. Ogden	351
8. Snowflake	339
9. Ensign	337
10. Idaho Falls	314

PERCENTAGE OF QUOTA

1. Snowflake	128.5
2. Union	119.7
3. Curlew	116.5
4. Moapa	114.5
5. Maricopa	107
6. Star Valley	101.2
7. St. Joseph	101
8. Juarez	98
9. Fremont	91
10. Minidoka	91



Iry S. Olpin
St. Joseph Stake



Frihoff Allen
Maricopa Stake



Ines Gibson
Moapa Stake

3. *Use Good English.* Nick-names and slang are taboo. Study current newspapers for style, especially the "Post-Record."
4. *Don't be Stingy in the Use of paper.* Use a separate sheet of white letter-size paper for each article. Write on one side of the paper only. Use a typewriter, if possible.
5. *Omit Church Titles,* except for members of the First Presidency and for the Stake Presidency and for the Stake President and ward bishops. Use the husband's name for all married women, for example: Mrs. David P. Howells.
6. *Use your Calendar.* Give the day and month, for example, November 19. Omit "th" after dates. Omit names of week days, as Monday, etc.

Keep the Policy of Your Paper in Mind: To publish stake-wide news—news of the greatest interest to the largest number of Church members; to favor M. I. A. news as much as possible, but in the final analysis to let each story stand on its own merits. Stories concerning any phase of L. D. S. activity are welcomed.

This Man Has a Good Idea—We Pass It On

Under a Cottonwood Limb, Ariz.
November 17, 1933.

To the Editor of
The Improvement Era:

* * * On this 17th day of November I made a decision. I'm going on a mission, and before many months I'll be seeking out the blood of the Pioneers, they who are drifting away. I expect to reach them before they renounce Mormonism like some I have met on my recent vacation. This is

my plan—every two dollars I have that is not working I'll buy an *Era* for a year, have it sent to those who are drifting. They will read it and they will come back, and when they do come back all hell and highwater will not set them to drifting again.

From B. W.

P. S. Stories—Stargass and Cuthbert are fine. B. W.

A D U L T S



Don't be Sheepish

If you are in doubt, be assured its
Adult not Aa dult as in baa!

DR. SHERMAN B. NEFF, head of the Department of English at the University of Utah, has kindly authorized us to make this assertion:

"The word ADULT (adjective or noun) is pronounced with the accent on the second syllable."

It seems this is one word lexicographers have been able to agree about. Such unanimity is all too rare these days among this group, and surely ought to be encouraged. Let's all join in making it unanimous.

Dr. Neff helpfully adds, "Other words frequently mispronounced that have the accent on the second syllable are: *address, ally, adept, resource, discourse*. Detail may be pronounced with the accent on either syllable. I prefer detail."

Perhaps we ought to consult our dictionaries oftener.

A monthly "Critic's Report" by someone appointed in the group is proving to be very helpful and is much appreciated in many of our Adult groups.

"A Certain Something"

Do We Really Have It?

My Dear Sirs:

MINE is indeed a most unusual request, and if it is in bad taste, please pardon me. I am writing to you for information about the religion of the Latter-day Saints. For three years I taught in your state and a very deep impression was made on me by your people. With the passing of time there have arisen thoughts of the people of Utah. I have found myself asking why they are so different from men and women I meet elsewhere. They have a charm, a graciousness, a kindness, a comradeship, a certain something lacking in others. I began to wonder just why and have come to the conclusion that it must be their faith. That explains my request.

Thanking you, I am

Sincerely yours,

We hope this sort of culture is being developed by our groups everywhere through the Adult Project this year. Such "comradery" counts. Does your group radiate that "certain something" which should characterize all true Lat-

ter-day Saints? Do personal satisfactions blend with group service? Does each one adjust his every action spontaneously and joyfully to the pattern of the common ideal? Is each one imbued with an inextinguishable love of life? Have all attained "the art of living joyfully?" This is really what we are striving to attain.

"Let us have more joy in life."

Debate or Open Forum

IF there is a Senior Department in your organization, it is suggested that on the evening of February 6th, they be invited to join with you in a program that may be worked out jointly by the department activity committees.

A debate has been suggested and the following subjects have been mentioned in the Senior Manual.

1. Resolved: That divorce laws should be modified.

2. Resolved: That a 6 hour day and a 5 day week should be required by law.

3. Resolved: That the school age should be extended.

The Dream of the Gleaners

By Helen May Van Cott

WE, the Gleaners, dream of womanhood perfected.

As we glean for helps to lead us on, we see that future time when we may reap the rich rewards of motherhood.

Across tomorrow, troop childish forms; we see infant faces, kiss chubby arms and hands.

Within the deepest recesses of our souls we hear a medley of childish joy, or a baby's cry, calling from out the great beyond, for our protection.

As we grow, we mother all things, yet lack, as we dream, that childish form, and yearn for that future tomorrow.

Oh God, who understands, speed on the years that we must wait; bring on the time when this restless longing may cease.

And standing 'gainst the winds of time, may we stretch arms to the round-eyed, trusting, childish forms that come to us for counsel.

So let us live these passing years, that we may thank Thee for our home and children.

4. Resolved: That married women should not be permitted to enter actively into business, the professions and politics.

5. Resolved: That the United States of America should take a more active part in European affairs in interest of World Peace.

A formal debate may be conducted, but since social enjoyment rather than forensic argument is the primary purpose of the meeting, it may be more pleasant and instructive to conduct an open forum. A good procedure often followed is to have at least one main speaker on each side of the question. After these addresses, any member of the group may be recognized by the chairman and express himself. These comments or questions from the group, however, should be limited to two or three minutes so that many may take part.

The discussion may be serious, or if preferred, "all in fun." Some subjects will permit of either treatment. Local or community problems may be profitably discussed. Other suggestive questions for consideration or pro and con treatment follow:

1. When does a woman reach her "peak?"

2. How can we get more joy out of life?

3. "Will there be hermits in Heaven?"

4. "Life Begins at Forty."

5. "The true blessedness of man is not to arrive but to travel."

Of course, if there is no Senior group in the ward you will plan and carry out the program yourselves.

Build Group Morale!

a. By strengthening fellowship and neighborliness in group each week.

b. By aiding and stimulating every effort toward self help.

c. By giving opportunity for thought and action.

d. By furnishing normal recreational activities.

Please Report

OUR Adult Manual has enjoyed unusual favor this season as evidenced by record sales. The M. I. A. Adult Committee would appreciate your comments on any phase of the Adult program, reports of what you are doing, and your suggestions for next year's work.

SENIORS



1. We wish again to stress the age limit for Seniors—24 to 35 years inclusive. When a person has reached his 24th birthday and until he reaches his 35th birthday he is of Senior age. Try to get everybody of Senior age into the class. Keep the membership committee on the job. Let them report to the class for one minute each month, it will keep them active. New people are moving in, others moving out of ward. The committee should report such things so that class records can be well kept. Ask class members to report names of people in or out of the Church who might be invited to join. There are still months of rich experience ahead.

2. Class Leaders are you encouraging class members to read current magazines and newspapers and to clip and file material for discussion, to attend lectures on vital problems when possible and take notes and report? In the larger centers there are forums where these things are discussed. Members should avail themselves of such when it is possible.

3. Would the Stake Senior leaders select from the M. I. A. Song Book, prepared by the Music Committee of the General Board, a song that could be known as the Senior Song. Have all ward members learn it so that all the Seniors in the Stake will be singing the same song.—A Senior rally song.

4. Mile-Stones—There seems to be some uncertainty as to the meaning of the caption, Mile-Stones, for one of the four special class events. The idea is that each member of the class shall relate an epoch-making experience of his own, that has helped in shaping his life, strengthened him in his chosen course or changed his course for a better one. An experience that has brought understanding or awakened him to realization of life and its opportunities—a faith promoting experience, a desire for education, the discovery of a talent or opportunity to develop it, an outstanding missionary or travel experience. Or one might tell of the influence of some person upon his life—how he stimulated your ambition, or thinking, or faith, or helped you in any outstanding way—physically or mentally, spiritually or morally. You see it is in the nature of a testimony or experience meeting. Choose the story you desire to relate. Prepare it thoroughly and tell it simply, sincerely and briefly. Brevity is the soul of beauty as well as of wit.

5. We again refer to the benefit of

hobbies. If you have laid yours away, get it out and give it an airing.

"Of all the myriad moods of mind
That through the soul come thronging,
There's none so dear, so sweet, so kind,

So beautiful as longing;
For what thou longest for that *thou art*
For one transcendent moment
Before the present poor and bare
Can make its sneering comment."

Set your hands to fashioning things—a rug, a quilt, dress, hat, fine needlework, work in metals, leather, clay, wood, paint. If you could have the tool you most wanted, what would it be—a scroll saw, a jack knife, a potter's wheel, a box of paints, a work bench, a case for butterflies or stuffed birds. Out with it!

Read "Youth's Opportunity" by Abel J. Greeg, in Parents' Magazine for November, 1933, and discuss it.

Reports from the Field

BUFFET SUPPER

WHITTIER WARD had their Buffet Supper early in November, after discussion period which was a debate on Prohibition—very fine. The week before, the whole group decided on the menu and people eagerly suggested what they would bring. Makes one hungry just to read about it—what a delight to eat it. Here it is—

Four kinds of sandwiches, deviled eggs, baked beans, two kinds of potato salad, potato chips, pickles, cookies, ice cream and cake, milk, cocoa, and marshmallows! UM! Everyone was thrilled. People, not Seniors asked, "Can't we come to your party?" The invited guests were the Bishopric and wives, the Stake Senior Supervisor and the Superintendency and Presidency of the Ward Mutual.

A master of ceremonies was elected and the affair was turned over to him and the activity leaders. At 8:30 all went down stairs to the Relief Society Rooms, which they had gracious permission to use and set the table buffet style. The men served the ladies and themselves. Sociability was at its height. It did not have to be created, it was in every heart.—Just a big happy family. Speeches were made by the guests and some members of the class. Stories, jokes and good natured railery prevailed.

After supper the class cleared up, put

the dishes away and the kitchen in order, then table games were played. Everyone present wrote a nonsense jingle. When all were ready they were read. There was not a quiet moment. They dismissed at 11:30. The group sent thanks to the General Board for giving them the Senior Department.

A Birthday Party

ONE class gave a birthday party. Twelve small tables were set, representing the twelve months of the year. People sat at the table that represented the month in which they were born. If I were giving such a party, I think I should appoint a committee for each table or for two tables. Each committee would find what the birthstone was for the month and its meaning, also the flower for the month and make paper flowers for the table and for each guest to wear during the evening. If the 12 little booklets, "If you are born in (January)" could be secured the Committee could place them on the particular tables and the guests could have great fun reading about their general characteristics, their talents, likes, dislikes, good points, failings, aptitudes, most suitable colors to wear and so on. Discuss themselves and decide if the characterization fits them, which are common to all, those peculiar to some, those most prominent, in each one, and so on. Score cards could be provided and the results tabulated, each chairman could report his table to the whole group.

Place cards could contain a verse or quotation about the month for each to read. Each group could tell of activities and games peculiar to the month and perhaps demonstrate some of them before the group. Another game would be to name outstanding natives of the month, local or world known, or outstanding historical events. The months could be scored and the most noteworthy one wins the game.

It would be an interesting evening. There are innumerable ideas that will suggest themselves to be done at such a party.

General Board Senior Committee

E. E. Erickson, Y. M. Chairman
Dr. Lyman L. Daines
Lewis T. Cannon
John H. Taylor
Harrison R. Merrill
Ann M. Cannon, Y. L. Chairman
Charlotte Stewart
Laura P. Nicholson
Rose W. Bennett



The New M Man Pin

THE new M Man pin, recently adopted by the General Board, has a unique beauty of design that will make every M Man proud to own and wear one. It is made of an extra heavy 10K solid gold front so that the pin has the wearing quality and appearance of a solid gold pin. The pin is finished entirely by hand, which gives it an appearance unexcelled by the finest jewelry.

The M Men Executive Council selected such a quality pin because they felt that an M Man would be proud to wear it, and at the same time the pin would not be prohibitive to any M Man because of price.

But this newly adopted pin is more than just a beautiful piece of jewelry. It is designed to symbolize the finest ideals of an M Man. The pin is conceived to represent the three-fold development of a complete life—the physical, intellectual, and spiritual.

The winged foot is placed on the pin as the symbol of physical perfection.

The M Man seeks, through organized sport, to develop physical powers that will serve him well across the years of a happy and useful life. An M Man places physical perfection, achieved through sports, personal cleanliness, and the habit of clean thought, as the foundation of personal character and social opportunity.

The lamp of knowledge is placed on the pin as the symbol of intellectual achievement. Good books are among the richest treasures of an M Man. Learning is not confined to a class room. Open-minded to all truth, an M Man pioneers courageously into all realms of constructive thought, inspired with the truth that "the glory of God is intelligence."

The altar is placed on the pin as the symbol of spiritual life. It represents the worship of man for God. An M Man is responsive to spiritual values. He strives through prayer to keep beautiful and real a Divine Friendship with God.

A challenge faces every man who would wear an M Man pin.

Wherever and whenever the pin is worn, an M Man will be recognized. People will compare his personal living with M Man ideals. His challenge is to live worthy of his organization. With his pin he carries the measure of his own standards and the reputation of his group.

Jay Parkinson

Changes in M Men Basketball Rules

IT will be well for all of those interested in M Men Basketball to note that there have been two major changes in the eligibility rules for this year.

1. That a man is now eligible to participate until he attains his twenty-fifth birthday, when he automatically becomes ineligible.

2. High School letter-men are now eligible to participate one year after receiving a High School letter.

The first change, concerning the age: it is, of course, obvious that a man may play up and until the day when he attains his twenty-fifth birthday.

The second change, referring to High School letter-men: it is to be understood that a man winning a letter during a current High School year will not be eligible for M Men participation until one year following the end of the school year in which he won his letter. In other words the date is as of the completion of the school year in which he won his letter rather than the date of the actual winning of the letter. For example, a boy wins his letter in February, 1933, this school year will end, of course, in the spring, making his participation in M Men Basketball possible *only* in the Fall of 1934 and the winter of 1935.

New Faces to Be Seen on Courts

By Toni Tiano

IT is significant of the ever broadening scope of Mutual Improvement Association basketball that effort has been made to increase participation even beyond its present greatness. Rule changes which were recommended at the M Men Convention held at the Hotel Utah last June, are responsible for hundreds of new faces that will add lustre to M Men court activities.

Each year basketball activity surpasses our fondest hopes in an improvement in style of play and keenness of competition. In the last few years at the Inter-Division Tournament the out of town teams, that is teams representing so-called "Country Stakes," have shown surprising strength. The Letter Man Rule will give these outlying stakes an opportunity to use the surplus of M Men who, heretofore, have been barred by the High School competition ruling, and we can expect even greater teams than we have had in the past. Do you remember the

West Jordan team that Marlon Bateman led to a Church championship and have been serious contenders for the crown ever since?

By extending the age limit to the 25th birthday, young men will be allowed to continue playing some additional time. This, of course, will provide competition for hundreds who would otherwise be through. Although, word comes from Pioneer Stake, the stake that produced Poplar Grove, that a senior basketball league is in operation and other stakes are planning similar leagues.

We have been advised by Reed Richards that the Salt Lake Inter-Stake, which is composed of twelve stakes in Salt Lake Valley, has made additional changes in the rules to fit the needs of their stakes. The changes are as follows:

If at any time prior to the end of this basketball year, which ends with the March Tournament, an M Man reaches his 25th birthday this M Man is not allowed to participate at any time during the year. This was done to prevent a team's counting on the strength of men who could not be with them when they were most needed.

M Men are not allowed to play both for their ward and for a Commercial League team.

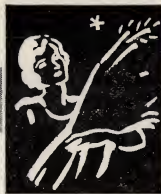
The June Convention gave ear to Brother Ken L. Stone of Taylor Stake, Alberta, Canada, and M Men Basketball now embraces an additional large territory. Canada will have a representative at our March Tournament. Basketball in M Men circles in Canada, has in the past few years, received splendid support and we are assured that "the North" will be ably represented at the Tournament.

Still another important change is the dividing of the California and Arizona stakes into two districts. This was done at the suggestion of Dix Price, our Church M Men Vice-President, and the Milne brothers, California representatives. Both California and Arizona will have teams at the Inter-Division Tournament here in Salt Lake.

In our next issue we hope to have adopted a standard award for stake winners which is being done in accordance with the wishes of the June Convention.

The Improvement Era has graciously consented to allow us regular space in its interesting pages and we urge you readers to send any interesting athletic information to its office in Salt Lake in care of Major Garff and Tom Tiano.

GLEANER GIRLS



THE Gleaner Girls of Liberty Stake, with their mothers and class leaders, were entertained at a tea given by Sister Polly Hardy at her home at 1487 Harvard Avenue, Tuesday, September 5, 1933. The three hundred guests were received by Sister Hardy, Sister Erma Clayton, Sister Wave Hinckley, and Miss Florence Yates, President of the class.

The house was artistically decorated with fall flowers in the Mutual colors of gold and green. A beautiful bowl of marigolds and goldenrods formed the centerpiece of the table with yellow colored tapers in silver holders at either end. The new stake officers, Norma Goddard, Vice-president, Vera Stewart, Secretary and Treasurer, and Phyllis Richmond, Activity Leader, in turn supervised the serving. Green punch poured by Sis. Grace Fox, Sis. Louise Madson, Sis. Martha Elgren, Sis. Laura White, Sis. Ida Carpenter and Sis. Verna Goddard was served with open-faced sandwiches, cakes, and green and gold stick candies.

Various instrumental and vocal selections, arranged by Miss Ida Reichman and Miss Lois Pierson, class officers of last year, were presented during the course of the tea.

This beautiful beginning of the year's work portends another successful season for the Liberty Stake Gleaner Organization.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path. Thy testimonies have I taken as an heritage forever: for they are rejoicing of my heart. I have inclined mine heart to perform thy statutes away, even unto the end." Psalms 119:105, 111, 112.

As the sun lights and quickens the things of earth, so the Word of God lights and quickens our souls. We chose His written word as the field in which to gather material to bind our sheaf. Each day we add one stalk of precious spiritual grain. A testimony meeting is a binding of our spiritual sheafs. Such a day of binding comes to us this month. Are your girls reaping in their daily lives the rich benefits of scriptural reading? Testimony bearing will be the test.

Project

IN every community are members of the Church who have outstanding choice gifts of the spirit. There are some who have the gift of discernment, some the gift of faith, and added knowledge has been given to others. There

are some who have been healed; the blind have been made to see, the deaf to hear, the lame to walk.

Bring to your Gleaner girls men and women in your ward whose lives have been rich in spiritual gifts—men and women full of faith and testimony—to tell of the operation of these gifts, so that additional faith may be implanted in the hearts of the girls. Then from the pages of their Treasure books let the recorded truths concerning the gifts of the spirit be given. The following is a page from such a book:

"When my father was a boy of fifteen, he and his brother Pete had to drive the hay wagon from Newton over the mountains to Box Elder County. They drove up the east side of the mountain very well, but when they started down the hill, they found it was very steep. My father held the reins tightly—so tightly that they suddenly broke. The horses ran madly down the road. The two boys jumped from the wagon. They watched the runaway team excitedly, expecting any moment to see the horses plunge from the road into the valley below. As the horses neared a long dugway, near the foot of the mountain, one that curved abruptly into a little valley, they slowed up and followed the road to the bottom. The horses then turned around and started slowly back up the mountain. The boys caught them as they came by, mended the harness and proceeded on their journey.

When they reached home their mother was at the gate to meet them. "You

had a runaway", she said. The boys were surprised.

"Yes, we did, but how did you know".

She replied: "I was praying for your safety and even though you were miles beyond my vision I saw you start down the mountain. I saw the reins break and the horses run away—go down the dugway and come back. I saw you proceed on your way and am thankful to our Heavenly Father that you are back safely.

Signed by Beatrice Hogenson

A Gleaner

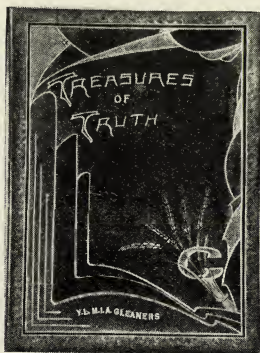
Attested by her father, J. C. Hogenson

The pages which make up the sample Treasure book in the Gleaner Manual (Pages 20-50) were taken from different books. The division titles were selected for the purpose of classification of the material and to promote unity in class discussion. The real Treasure of Truth books are as different one from another as the Gleaner girls who make them. Each girl reflects her individuality in her book. She is the one who writes or chooses the true stories or incidents, gets assistance with or does her own illustrating, selects the type of cover, chooses the division titles and makes the designs for division sheets for her own book.

From her collection the Gleaner gives the leader her most interesting story, then the Ward book will reflect the best work of the group. The Stake gleaner leader will search out the parts of the Ward books which will make the finest Stake Treasure of Truth book, then from that Stake book send from three to six selections for the Church Treasure book.

The Church book is being compiled. Some splendid material was received last season. Many new books have been started and additional material added to those of previous years, and from them will come new treasure for the Church book. It is most important that all material sent in to the General Office for the Church book have the name of the contributor, and their ward and stake. If the experience is not a personal one, the signature of person verifying the facts contained in the article should be affixed. Only original poetry should be sent. Gleaner leaders as well as girls may send contributions for this book.

A beautiful tooled leather cover in shades of red, blue, green and gold with division sheets made by Gleaner girls from many stakes, is waiting for the Stake contributions.



JUNIOR GIRLS



WITH January comes to most people old and young, a feeling that life is beginning with a new chance for doing things right, for making fresh beginnings. In the Junior class of the M. I. A. there are many reasons for resolving to make such beginnings, and many fields in which to make them—the manual study, “Building a Life” the studies of the major project, “My Story—Lest I Forget”, and the minor one, “Cultivating Culture”; the regular assignments for the Tuesday evening discussions and the activity evenings with their novel features of question-box, travelogue, *Era* Night, Mothers and Daughters’ Nights, etc. If any Junior leader or Junior girl there be who has let her Mutual connections lag during the last few weeks of 1933, let her realize that these things she may bury with the old year, and a new opportunity is opening up before her.

To Junior Leaders:

YOU have under your direction a group of the most fascinating, contradictory, youthful yet mature, impulsive, self-important young people in the whole world—all girls of Junior age are that, and a number of other things besides. Until they are a few years older in experience they cannot realize that teachers and parents are living for any reason other than to restrict the liberties and subtract from the untrammelled joys of girlhood.

Occasionally there is a leader whom the Junior girls all love, just as there is an occasional mother to whom all of them want to flock. What is the secret of this charm which an older woman can hold for an adolescent girl? Questionnaires answered by two hundred or so girls of Junior age indicated that there were three outstanding characteristics to which they responded: a woman must have respect for the ideas of the girls; she must realize that girls of that age were not children any more; she must realize that her own opinions and information were not infallible.

In addition to this, there is another important qualification for success in Junior leadership—be willing to admit ignorance on matters upon which you are ignorant. Adam Bennion has given to teachers the sage advice: “Do not teach to the edge of your knowledge—you might fall off.” A good healthy “I don’t happen to know, Irene, but I’ll try to find out before next Tuesday” is far more conducive to the con-

fidence of your girls than is a hasty, mumbled answer, with at least a few of the girls knowing you know not whereof you speak. A teacher in a class for vocabulary-building recently was asked the meaning and proper pronunciation of a word. “I am not sure”, she said. “That makes two I am to look up for you.” And because of her frankness the class depends on her not to give them erroneous replies.

Activity Night—

Jan. 2, 1934

SO soon after New Years isn’t it delightful that the program calls for an activity, rather than just the regular lesson? And on this particular evening there will be no great responsibility for anyone, as the program may so easily be divided among a number. It is *Era* night, and in the December *Era*, under *Mutual Messages*, a little playlet was printed which had been given so successfully in Pocatello Stake that it seemed only fair to pass it along.

If the play isn’t ready, phone to various ones of the Junior class and give each one a few minutes in which to tell a story, read a poem or explain a problem presented in the *Improvement Era*. Great preparations are going ahead in some wards for a banner *Era* night; will your ward Junior class make a good showing?

Course of Study—

Honesty—Jan. 9, 1934

THIS date should see the Juniors discussing Honesty; and a discussion cannot be the expression of one person alone. In these lessons, wherein the ethics of living and materials of moral building are considered, encourage the girls to talk as much as you can.

Have the words “truth” and “honesty”, with their varying connotations, come to mean something other than they should? Is a “True Confessions” magazine really a magazine in which true confessions are recorded? Are “True Stories” honestly that? Far from it. A few submitted stories are accepted and used, and much publicity attendant to it is used, also, but for the most part true stories are by staff writers whose imaginations run over time, and who learn to use the heart-rending and heart-sickening adjectives which they count on to appeal to those

who have not yet learned the fundamental joys of reading good literature.

Are girls beginning to put this same sketchy and elastic meaning upon the word *true*, which should be a synonym for *honest*? Do Junior girls tell of imaginary dates and telephone calls, just to impress the other girls? A Junior girl of eight years ago is today in custody, for shop-lifting. At first she had an overwhelming ambition to be considered the best-dressed girl in school, so she had clothing sent home “on approval”, wore it a time or two in public, and then returned it as unsatisfactory. She claimed it was not dishonest; what do you think? What would be the natural step from that to shop-lifting?

Name ways in which you think girls might test their own honesty.

Assignment for Jan. 23: Select girls for the play to be given in two weeks. (See Manual “Building a Life”, page 48 for play.)

Serenity—Jan. 16, 1934

WHAT does the word “serenity” suggest to you? Are *tranquility* and *peace* of similar meaning? Is serenity a characteristic which can be given you by someone else or must you develop it yourself? If your mother gave you serenity as a birthright, when must she have given it to you?

Serenity has been defined as a divine selfishness—the heavenly ability to refuse to permit anyone to come into your soul to spoil any part of your life. Naturally there will be conditions and situations beyond the control of everyone which will be upsetting, but it is possible to cultivate inward tranquility to the extent of living within this wall, to a great extent, while the world rages on outside.

Might this go so far as to make one unfeeling and unsympathetic?

Discuss the ideal manner in which tranquility and serenity make themselves felt in the lives of people who possess them; in others.

Unselfishness—

Jan. 23, 1934

THE main feature of tonight’s program is the play assigned two weeks ago; after the presentation the discussion of selfishness is likely to be most vigorous. Leaders might select from the play a few lines which present particular problems, and put them before the girls for especial consideration.

VANGUARDS



The Vanguard Outlook for 1934

EIGHT definite features of the Vanguard program should be kept constantly before each Vanguard Commissioner and Leader.

1. The Merit Badge Studies. These studies are really vocational explorations. Many a young man has been led into a happy vocational career through the Merit Badge Program.

2. The Church-wide Vanball Tournament. The finals come this year February 23 and 24. Get full information from Scout Executives.

3. The Church-wide Archery Tournament. Finals will be held during June Conference.

4. The Church-wide Retold Story Contest. Finals will be held during June Conference.

5. The Annual Track and Field meets. These are conducted by each district and council.

6. The Outdoor Program—Hikes, Ralfes, Council Fires, Ceremonials, etc. These are important features for year-round activity.

7. The Reading Course Book—"Hidden Heroes of the Rockies"—and the Reading Project.

8. Marking Historic Places. Several Vanguard Troops have already established troop traditions by erecting monuments at historic places.

Postal Archery Tournament

DETAILS of the forthcoming Postal Archery Tournament are rapidly being completed. Under this plan Vanguard teams throughout the entire Church are enabled to compete with other teams without the necessity of leaving their homes. Each Vanguard team of four archers shoots the Junior American Round once each week, reporting the score, which has been verified by an adult, by mail to the local council office. At the end of the four weeks winners from each council will compete in a Church-wide contest, with results being reported to the Vanguard Committee of the General Board of Y. M. M. I. A. for final tabulation and announcement of Church Postal Championships.

Bulletin Sent Out

THE following bulletin was sent out by the Salt Lake Council covering not only the Church-wide postal tournament but the local council plans developed in harmony with it:

The Archery Committee of the Salt Lake Council Vanguard Association announces the following schedule for Indoor Archery competition this winter:

1. District winners to be selected by
 - (a) round-robin system or (b) Four-round total:

(a) Round-Robin: Each team in district to compete against every other team in any available halls, using 28 inch target at most convenient distance. Winner and runner-up to be decided on a percentage basis.

(b) Four-Round: Every team in district to shoot four indoor rounds on specified dates, total score to determine winner and runner-up. All rounds must be shot at standard distance, 60 feet at 28 inch target.

2. District winning team and runner-up and three highest individuals must be determined by February 24th. A district leader's team should also be chosen at this time.

3. Council finals will be held on March 3rd, the district entries shooting on the nearest convenient standard length indoor range, mailing or phoning scores to Council Headquarters.

4. Church Indoor Finals on March 10th. Three leading Council teams, one Leader team, and three highest Vanguards and Leaders will shoot in hall selected by Council Committee, mailing results to M. I. A. Headquarters for final tabulation.

NOTES

District using round-robin system may use any ward hall, as winners are decided on a won-and-lost basis, but where teams do not actually meet in competition, as in the four-round matches, the range and target must be the standard Vanguard size, 28 inch and 60 feet.

Districts having more than eight wards should divide district into two parts for round-robin competition, with the winners and runners-up in each division meeting together in a final match to determine council entries.

The Council and Church Finals must be shot on standard ranges.

Council finals will be held in halls assigned by Council Committee. Outlying districts will use halls nearest available to them, but the three win-

ning council teams and individuals must all shoot on the same range for the Church finals.

New Vanball Rules

Copyrighted 1933 by Y. M. M. I. A. (Please note changes over 1932)

RULE XIII. CONDUCT OF PLAYERS, SUBSTITUTES AND COACHES

The referee shall have power to warn, declare "side out" or "point," or to disqualify for the game or match any player committing any of the following or other gross violations of sportsmanship.

(1) Persistently address the officials in regard to decisions.

(2) Make derogatory remarks about or to the officials.

(3) Commit acts derogatory to the officials, or actions tending to influence their decisions.

(4) Make personal or derogatory remarks about or to opponents. This rule applies also to substitutes and coaches. A substitute shall take the place of a disqualified player.

(5) No deliberate coaching by coaches, officials, substitutes or spectators, shall be permitted from outside of the court. (See Rule X, Sec. 15.)

RULE XIV. FORFEITED GAME

Any team refusing to play after receiving instructions to do so from the Referee shall forfeit the game or match.

RULE XV. DECISIONS

Section 1. Decisions of the officials as to matters of fact are final.

Section 2. Decisions pertaining to the interpretation of the rules must be called into question at once if a protest is to be filed later, but only by the captains of the contesting teams.

Section 3. When a question pertaining to interpretation of the rules has not been settled conclusively by the Referee, but will be carried to higher authority for decision, the game shall proceed as directed by the Referee, who shall make proper note of the protest.

All protests shall be in writing and shall be mailed or delivered to the Vanguard Committee of the Y. M. M. I. A. General Board, 50 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah, within 24 hours after the game, giving all information available including grounds upon which the protest is based.

(Concluded)

BEE HIVE GIRLS



Bee-Hive Calendar

Nymphs:

March 6th—Guide XXIV—Aid to Health in the Hive and City.

March 13th—Guide XXV—First Aid.

March 20th—Guide XXVI—First Aid.

March 27th—Work on Little City.

April 3rd—Sunshine for Bees and Bee-Hive Girls.

April 10th—Sunshine for Bees and Bee-Hive Girls.

April 17th—Sunshine for Bees and Bee-Hive Girls.

April 24th—Work on Little City.

Builders:

March 6th—Guide XXII—Mending (Foundation Cell No. 4).

March 13th—Open for your planning.

March 20th—Guide XXIII—Understand Beauty.

March 27th—Work on Honey Comb.

April 3rd—Guide XXIV—Beauty in the Home.

April 10th—Guide XXV—Open for your planning.

April 17th—Guide XXVI—Beauty of Person.

April 24th—Work on Honey Comb.

Gatherers:

March 6th—Guide XXII—Service Cells.

March 13th—Planned by Girls and Bee-Keepers.

March 20th—Guide XXIII—Nature's Phenomena.

March 27th—Work on Honey Comb.

April 3rd—Guide XXIV—Dramatize Messengers of Spring.

April 10th—Open for Girls and Bee-Keepers Planning.

April 17th—Guide XXV—Reading.

April 24th—Work on Honey Comb.

At this the beginning of another year, the Bee-Hive Committee of the General Board wishes to extend to the Bee-Keepers and Bee-Hive Girls throughout the Church its Greetings and Best Wishes for the coming year. The Committee is grateful for the accomplishments of the past year and

feels that it has been outstanding in Bee-Hive work. The following lines expresses in better language, perhaps, than we have at our command, our New Year's wishes to you:

THE NEW YEAR

"A year to be glad in,
Not to be sad in,
A year to live in,
To gain and give in.
A year for trying,
And not for sighing.

"A year for striving,
A hearty thriving,
A Bright New Year,
Oh, hold it dear
For God who sendeth,
He only lendeth."

"The wish I would ask for myself is the one I am sending you, that each day may be a new day, each week a new week, and each month a new month,—new in hope, new in courage, new in strength, new in opportunities. And when the year is past and gone you need have no fear but that it shall also have been new in achievements."
—E. O. Grover.

The History of Camp Floyd

By Eunice Hutchings, Bee-Keeper, Lehi

Fairfield (or Camp Floyd) is a historic place, as it was one of the places where the Johnston Army camped. I, being the Bee-Hive teacher decided it would be very interesting to study about it in our Bee-Hive class. I told the girls what I had decided to do, and they were very much interested. I was also very happy to know that there were two men still living in Fairfield, Mr. William H. Carson and Mr. William B. Thomas, who were there at the time the army came. I took my class to visit them one evening, and they gave us the history as they remembered it. The following was written from the facts given to us by Mr. Carson and Mr. Thomas.

THE history of Camp Floyd dates back to the time when the Johnston Army, under the leadership of Commander Albert Sidney Johnston, came to Utah to help straighten out the pioneers.

The Johnston Army came to Fairfield in the year 1858, camping in the north end of the valley. They camped there three months, after which they moved farther south to the place now known as "Camp Floyd" and there they built their quarters. They named this place Camp Floyd after the Secretary of War.

The Army consisted of between 2,500 and 3,000 people.

The creek in Fairfield was the dividing line between the soldiers and the settlers then living in Fairfield, the soldiers living on the south side and the settlers living on the north side. A soldier wasn't allowed over the creek or dividing line into the town without a pass.

The few families that were living in Fairfield at that time were living in a stone fort. They were very poor, destitute. The soldiers were the ones who rescued or saved the people from starvation. The army helped the people by giving them work in building houses made up of five rooms, making adobes for which to build the houses, and chopping wood. The people living there also sold milk to the soldiers. This gave them means which they used for other things of necessity.

The army wasn't all made up of soldiers, but of other people who followed them seeking for work which was provided for them by the soldiers.

In Fairfield at that time there was a row of buildings about four blocks long, consisting of hotels, saloons, stores, etc.

The cemetery belonging to the Johnston Army includes about 56 graves of the people who died during the encampment. It is surrounded by an iron fence. A monument stands in the center of the cemetery, on which is the following inscription—

"In memory of the officers, soldiers and citizen employes of the army in Utah who died while stationed at Camp Floyd from 1858 to 1861 whose remains are interred in this cemetery erected by the War Department."
(See picture, page 37.)

The cemetery is taken care of every year and the fence is painted by Mr. W. C. Thomas, a resident of Fairfield.

The soldiers left Camp Floyd in the spring of the year 1861, staying there three years and doing a considerable amount of good work.

SCOUTS



The Boy, His Nature and His Needs

NO 1. ADOLESCENCE

Editor's Comment: This is one of a series of articles being written to acquaint "Leaders of Boys" with the best information and source material available on the subject of the growth and factors of development of the adolescent boy.

ALL races of people, savage or civilized, have manifest concern about the growth and development of their boys. The years from about twelve to twenty have been of most concern for they are considered to be of vital importance and mark the transition from boyhood to manhood.

This period of growth is known as adolescence (from the Latin, *adolescencia*, meaning: to grow to maturity) and is the state or process of growing up from childhood to manhood or womanhood. Incident to this development and as an initial stage of the period comes a time of sexual maturity known as puberty (from the Latin, *pubertas*, meaning: sexual maturity.) This is the earliest age at which a person is capable of begetting or bearing a child.

In an attempt to understand boyhood and girlhood during adolescence many interesting customs and institutions have been developed. The primitive and savage peoples have developed what are known as puberty rites. Our own civilization has given us the junior high school organization in our public schools, an organization designed to humanize the education of adolescent boys and girls. We have the various youth movements for character development, notably the Boy and Girl Scout organizations to assist in the training of adolescent youth. The Latter-day Saint Church has developed the Aaronic Priesthood Correlation Plan for the purpose of more effectively supervising the physical, spiritual, and social life of adolescent boys.

The puberty rites of primitive peoples were designed to initiate their youth into tribal secrets, laws, customs and rites. These initiatory rites were very impressive and sometimes lasted for several months. Youths were often forced to undergo difficult ordeals and in many cases their faces or bodies were mutilated.

In one of the Australian tribes the Victorian youths are stolen away from

their mothers and sisters at about their thirteenth birthday. With religious fervor they are instructed by the "wise men" of the tribe until they know tribal secrets, laws, and customs. Finally with many blows from crude stone implements one or more of their upper front teeth are knocked out. If they pass this ordeal in an approved manner, they then are welcomed into the society of men. They may now marry and enjoy the privileges and rights of men.

In one of the African tribes, after the boys are instructed by the "wise men" their bodies are painted with a sticky white clay. They are turned into the brush and must sustain themselves until the white clay wears away. In the meantime if sighted by a tribesman a boy may be pursued and killed. Many never survive the ordeal.

Not all puberty rites are as harsh as these two reported. In New South Wales the adolescent youth is instructed in so kindly and fatherly a manner and with such consideration "as to soften the heart and bring tears to the eyes."

These puberty rites constituted, for the most part, the formal education of the primitive youth. Their purpose was to teach such social virtues of obedience, independence, bravery, morality, and unselfishness. It is evident that little real knowledge of boy nature and needs are exercised in any of the puberty rites. How well our own procedures and institutions are adjusting or can adjust to boy nature and need will be discussed in later articles.

There has undoubtedly been considerable loose thinking upon the subject of adolescent development. Today, however, there are definite moves to clarify the purpose of training and to gain as complete an understanding as possible of the factors influencing development. No person or agency responsible for the education of youth can remain passive in these matters.

In approaching our study it should be kept in mind that not all children grow and develop at the same rate.

There are, however, some central tendencies and grouping that can be made. The following statement from "The Child, His Nature and His Needs" indicates the age limits of the five "ages" or periods from birth to maturity:

Infancy—Boys 0 to 3, Girls 0 to 2½; Early Childhood—Boys 3 to 10, Girls 2½ to 9; Pre-Adolescence—Boys 10 to 14; Girls 9 to 13; Adolescence: Puberty—Youth 14 to 17; Maidens

12 to 16; Post-Puberty—Young Men 17 to 22; Young Women 16 to 20.

Other classifications divide the adolescent group as follows:

Early adolescence—10 to 14 years of age; middle adolescence—14 to 17 years of age; later adolescence—17 to 21 years of age.

In much of the literature past and present the period of adolescence has been stated as being a period of the birth of a new self with a distinct break with the youth's past.

This belief has been due to uncritical observation and an over-emphasis of the unusual in emotional disturbances of youth. A careful, unbiased investigation tends to disprove this belief. The more sensible point of view emphasizes that life is continuous, that while new experiences come in the physical-mental life of the "teen age" and, hence these years are important in the life of the individual, the years preceding and following are also important.

The up-sets of youth during adolescence years are better seen as lack of integration between physical powers and mental and moral habits rather than as the salutary affairs of popular psychology and fiction.

All life activities are matters of adaptation, development, and integration. This is true of other periods beside that of adolescence. It is fairly safe to say, however, that what follows is greatly determined by what has preceded. It is a point of wisdom to regard the adolescent period of development not as a thing apart from past or future. Life is continuous and development a gradual process by which knowledge, skills, and attitudes are acquired.

In our further study an attempt will be made to present the facts of boy nature and needs and to interpret and project possibilities in our present methods of training adolescent boys.

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THE OTHER ARTICLES OF THIS SERIES WILL APPEAR AS FOLLOWS

No. II. Childhood and Early Adolescence.

No. III. Puberty and Middle Adolescence.

No. IV. Post-Puberty or Later Adolescence.

No. V. Factors of Personality Development.

No. VI. Indicators of Needed Adjustment.

No. VII. This Thing Called Delinquency.

No. VIII. Social Case Work—A Scientific Approach.

No. IX. Counseling and Guidance—The Human Appeal.

No. X. The Scouting Plan—An Evaluation.

Ward Teaching

(Continued from page 42)

manifest, but as to the unbelieving the "wrath of God abideth on him," with desolation the compensation, for he shall die in his sins, "but whoso believeth in Christ, doubting nothing, whatsoever he shall ask the Father in the name of Christ it shall be granted him, and this promise is unto all even unto the ends of the earth."

The Lord works with men, and they receive of him, according to their faith, rather than according to formal petitions. It has and always shall be so. It is a law of the earth. If men had sufficient faith, whatsoever is expedient they could have. Of this the scriptures bear witness, but he who believes in the Son has an additional witness within himself. To him the Lord's hand is not waxed short, nor does he doubt nor fear that the Lord, the creator of all things, is incompetent or unwilling to correct occurring disorders. His hope is unblinded by current abracadabra or by conventionalities. It rests secure in the Lord's might. To him, nothing is too hard for the Lord. "The hour of danger is the hour of courage." His faith supplies the courage. Like a sturdy ship, with sails set, he plows the waves, fearing not the storm. He knows that God is with him, with power and might, and that divine aid will fortify his every just cause, if with full obedience he fears none but God, and if in faith he waits and watches for the salvation of the Lord.

Accomplishments—Sept. and Oct., 1933

STAKES	No. Wards in Stake		No. Wards Reporting		No. Wards Fully Organized		No. Wards Conducting Opening Social		No. Wards having presented "The Magic Hour" Period Activity Program		No. Wards Conducting Departments in:										No. Wards having held Sunday Evening Joint Sessions in:								
	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May	June	No. Wards Conducting Departments in:										Sept.	Oct.							
											Drama	Dancing	Music	Public Speaking	Relief Story	Conversation	Relief Story	Conversation	Relief Story	Conversation			Relief Story	Conversation	Relief Story	Conversation			
Y.M.Y.L.																													
Alberta	12	12	7	7	7	7	4	3	3	3	5	5	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Alpine	6	5	6	6	6	6	6	2	4	5	2	2	3	3	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Bannock	9	6	6	6	6	6	2	4	5	2	2	3	3	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Bear Lake	11	12	12	12	12	12	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Bear River	12	7	7	7	7	7	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Beaver	5	5	3	15	15	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14
Benson	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14
Blackfoot	10	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
Boise	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Box Elder	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14
Burley	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
CACHE	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Carbon	9	7	9	9	9	9	5	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
Cassia	5	7	9	9	9	9	5	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
Cottonwood	10	10	10	10	10	10	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
Curlew	7	7	4	3	4	3	4	1	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Deseret	11	11	6	6	6	6	11	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
East Jordan	11	11	10	11	11	11	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
Emery	11	11	7	6	7	7	3	2	4	4	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
Ensign	8	8	8	8	8	8	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Freemont	14	14	13	13	14	14	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12
Garfield	8	6	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
Granite	10	10	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
Grant	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14
Hollywood	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14
Hyrum	10	6	4	4	6	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Idaho	5	5	5	5	5	5	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
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Juniper	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
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San Juan	8	8	8	8	8	8	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7										

Accomplishments—Sept. and Oct., 1933

STAKES	No. Wards in Stake	No. Wards Reporting	No. Wards Fully Organized	No. Wards Conducting Dramatic Social	No. Wards having presented "The Magic Bowl"	No. Wds. conducting 2nd Period Activity Program	No. Wards Conducting Departments in:						No. Wards having held Sunday Evening Joint Sessions in:	No. Wards having used "Era" Program
							Drama	Dancing	Music	Public Speaking	Recall Story	Conversation		
Y.M. Y.L.														
Canadian Mission.....	7	6	5	3	3	2	1	3	2	1	3
No'western States.....	33	11	11	10	11	8	6	6	5	4	3	1	10
Western States.....	11	1	1	1	8	8	6	4	4	1	11
Northern States.....	18	6	4	4	4	1	9

*Stake.

The Blood of Kings

(Continued from page 12)

"I'll do it right now." She held out her hand.

There were a good many pages, for Etta had done no halfway job, and the tracing had gone back a very long way.

MISS McCARR looked up a time or two in evident surprise, but she did not speak until she had finished. Then it was with the pleased air of the true genealogist.

"To Henry III of England without a break! Marvelous! My dear, I congratulate you!" She held out her hand. "You've the blood of Kings in your veins!"

Etta laughed and shrugged. "So has Mrs. Sprague."

"Beachcomber Kings! Yes. Ah, Mrs. Sprague! And she was going to be so pleased to have descended from the nobility. Poor thing!"

She got up, chuckling, and removed her coat and hat.

"I'm resigning, Miss McCarr."

Miss McCarr was arrested in the act of fluffing her old-fashioned pompadour. Dismay spread over her tired, plump features.

"But—why—you're just becoming valuable to me. My heavens, don't tell me your ancestry has gone to your head!"

"No, to my feet. It's sending me home. Listen." They sat down side by side and Etta told her a story. It was a true story. When she had finished Miss McCarr was laughing gleefully. She slapped her thick thigh with a plump hand, she shook Etta in a frenzy of delight.

"And I was dreading telling

Mrs. Sprague the evil news! My dear, it's going to be a positive joy! I shall leave out nothing. Hee! genealogy has its compensations. Good luck, my child, good luck!"

The next evening when Hallie arrived home she found Etta calmly stirring a pan of fudge. She flew to embrace her, to ask a dozen questions.

"Hallie, I've a sob story for your feature section at last. Get your pencil."

They sat down and Etta told all—about Bill and Bill's mother, about the ancestors, about everything. About the beachcomber King and Sawdust Sue—and about her own ancestry that began with Henry III.

Hallie was squealing with delight when she finished.

"My dear, what a story! It will set the town on fire! The snooty Spragues humbled! And what sweet revenge for you. Etta, it's immense!"

"Now," Etta, said calmly, "tear the story up."

"Etta!" It was a wail. "Why, it's a scoop—for me, and revenge for you. What—"

"I don't want revenge. I only want Bill—on my own terms. Bill thinks he would be happy with me regardless. He probably wouldn't. He would be thrown out of the firm—everything in his world would be lopsided. As I said, I want Bill more than I want anything on earth, but on my own terms, and those terms are his mother's approval; my acceptance into the family. Not for myself, Hal, for Bill."

"I see, dear."

They were silent a moment, then Hallie spoke. "I've a plan, Etta. Let Mrs. Sprague know that you know about her King ancestry.

That will bring her around. She would be afraid you might tell. Think of the power that would give you."

"It is not power I want, Hallie, but approval."

"Don't be squeamish, darling. It's exactly the way she would treat you under similar circumstances."

"And," Etta said quietly, "might not that be, after all, the greatest difference between having in one's veins the blood of royalty and the blood of Kings?"

"I'm properly rebuked, but unless you can make her fear you—"

"We always hate the thing we fear. No, I want her to love me, if possible."

"It isn't. She couldn't love anybody."

"Now I'll reveal my plan. Today Mrs. Sprague received the evil news of her ancestry. If ever she is going to eat humble pie it is now. Listen, and write what I tell you."

Hallie wrote.

THE next day Etta went to see Bill. He looked haggard, but one look at his sweet-heart transformed him.

"Bill, I'm playing my trump card Sunday. See to it that your mother reads the Sunday Post. If possible get it into her hands without seeming to do so. Understand?"

"Perfectly. And then—?"

"Don't read it beforehand yourself. It might cramp your style. After you're sure she's read it be very glum. Take her aside. Tell her ancestors don't count and all that old spiel. Is all clear?"

"As clear as that brick wall, but I'll do anything you say, Etta."

"Atta boy. Now bye."

Sunday morning Bill woke with a sense of something pending. It was early, he was sleepy. He turned over, then it stabbed him. He fell out of bed, grabbed a dressing gown and dashed into the hall, down the bare polished treads, icy to his bare feet, to the lower floor. He ran smack into Hobbs in the pantry, preparing a breakfast tray.

"Is that mother's tray?"

"It is, sir."

"What papers are those?"

"The Commercial and the Bulletin, sir."

"I think she prefers the Post. Where is the Post, Hobbs?"

"She doesn't care for the *Post*, sir."

"Oh, yes she does. She loves the *Post*, she adores the *Post*. There. Now listen, Hobbs. I'm sound asleep upstairs and have been all morning. You don't know what became of the other papers. You don't, do you? No. They probably weren't delivered. And if this charming little episode is ever mentioned Hobbs, your body will be found floating down the Delaware in your winter underwear. Now get that tray sent up pronto."

"Yes, sir."

Bill crept back upstairs, stuffed the newspapers under the mattress and warmed his toes at the radiator. What in the world had Etta done?

Mrs. Sprague looked her tray over and unfolded a paper. The *Post*. She tossed it aside. There was no *Commercial*, no *Bulletin*. She rang vigorously. Nellie answered. No, ma'am, she could find nothing but the *Post*. She was sorry ma'am.

She turned grumpily to the *Post*. Scanned it rather hastily. She'd never cared for the *Post*. And then—

FORMER STENOGRAPHER FOR
SPRAGUE, SPRAGUE AND
SPRAGUE FINDS HERSELF
OF ROYAL DESCENT

Mrs. Sprague held the paper a trifle closer and read again.

"Miss Henrietta Callender, Etta to her friends," it said, "late of the famous law firm of Sprague, Sprague and Sprague, but more recently

of Miss McCarr's Genealogical Service, Washington, D. C., has discovered that she is a direct descendant of Henry III of England. Not only was her ancestry traced to royalty, but Miss Callender modestly admitted to the *Post* reporter her kinship to Lord Rollator, present surgeon to His Majesty, King George of England; to Admiral Sir Herbert Eversole, of His Majesty's service, as well as acknowledging as her cousin the Hon. Everette G. Knight, ex-Governor of Texas. Considering her regal bearing, her unusual beauty, her graciousness and sparkling wit, one is not surprised to learn that the blood of kings runs in her veins."

THERE was more, but Mrs. Sprague had stopped to gaze at the portrait of the subject of the sketch. She did not eat her breakfast. She got up and dressed instead. She went downstairs with a scowl on her brow.

William Alexander Sprague, Jr. was in the library. He looked rather low. He got up as his mother entered and drew her a chair. He kissed her and pushed her into it, sitting on a hassock at her feet and fondling her hand.

"Mother, I'm so miserable. Can't you forget this ancestor business and let me marry Etta? Can't you?"

She did not answer. "Mother, honest, you've over-estimated the value of ancestry; it's the present generation that counts, mother. Don't you see?"

Mrs. Sprague was considering. To have a daughter-in-law of royal descent was no mean distinction. It could be played upon. But—and this gave her pause—*what did that girl know about the King ancestry?* She had just come from Miss McCarr's—she had seen her there. If she refused her her son what might she not do? Besides, the girl made a nice appearance. She patted Bill's hand.

"Perhaps you're right, son. I withdraw all objections."

Bill gave a shout that rattled the windows, bounded to his feet, lifted his mother, chair and all, and kissed her heartily, set them down none too gently and dashed from the house. He broke all the traffic regulations and dented a fender getting to Etta's.

"And it worked?" Etta asked when she could recover her breath.

"It worked. But what was it that worked? I haven't seen the *Post*, you know."

Etta showed him the paper. He read.

"And you knew this all the time?"

"Certainly not. I traced it all down while I was at Miss McCarr's."

"But, darling, what if you had found your ancestors to be junk men and cattle thieves?"

"Then, dearest, I'm afraid you'd have had to marry me anyhow. I never had any notion of giving you up."

The Beloved Cinderella

(Continued from page 23)

his scruples to the winds. He took a step forward, but the portiers swung aside and Etta came in, a sparkle of snow on her furs and her cheeks red with cold. Behind her, bland, smiling, self-confident, came Carr.

Star held out a cordial hand. "Oh!" she cried effusively, "I'm so glad to see you again, Mr. Carr!"

It came as a relief to Nelson that Blanchard, who had come in with Etta, appeared at the door and called to him.

"I want you in the den, John. No! No tea, thanks, Mary Agnes.

The florist will be here in twenty minutes; you and Etta can tell him about the decorations—choose your flowers, I mean. I suppose the fellow knows his business. Jim, I've bought those stocks, the whole block."

"Good!" Carr's face flushed a little; then, as Blanchard and Nelson went, he turned to Star teasingly. "So, this is the coming-out ball tomorrow night!"

"So Father says." Star's sudden cordiality seemed to have dwindled and she let Etta take her place at the tea-table.

"I'm famished," that young woman announced. "Blake, get me some sandwiches," she called to the vanishing butler. "I've been running about all day to make your party a success tomorrow night,"

she added to Star. "I think I'm a Christian martyr, no one cares about me any more."

"I do!" said Star sweetly, touching the other girl's shoulder with caressing fingers.

Etta made a grimace. "Oh, don't be sentimental! Leave that to Jimmy!" As she spoke she looked across at Carr with a flame of anger in her fine dark eyes.

But he did not see it, he was watching Star.

"I'm not sentimental," he replied lightly. "I'm practical. I'm going to ask—while there's time—for the first dance. Give it to me, Mary Agnes, won't you?" He was standing, looking across at the girl, bewitched by something fresh and young and vital about her. But she smiled at him provokingly,

showing him suddenly some of her newly acquired manner, gracious, non-committal, a little French.

"So sorry, but I've promised that already."

ETTA looked up from a sandwich, amazed. "Promised your first dance for tomorrow night? For heaven's sake! You don't know a soul."

"Oh, yes, I do! Star smiled again at their surprised faces. "I promised John Nelson just now."

Etta laughed hilariously. "Oh, Jimmy, isn't that rich? Imagine how it sounds in the newspapers! 'Miss Blanchard, the great heiress, opens ball by dancing with her father's clerk!' It sounds like a grocery-store!" Etta climaxed, giggling.

Star flushed crimson. "I'm going to dance with him just the same!" she said flatly.

"Oh, I don't know about that! You wait and see what Uncle says."

Carr, watching the two girls, saw the fire flash in Star's gray eyes. "Little Wildcat!" he thought, but he interposed gracefully. "At least I can come in as second!" There was an eagerness in his tone intended to flatter Star's self-love.

But it did not; she gave him that new pretty artificial smile. "Of course," she said, and then: "Etta, I think that's the florist. As it's my dance I can tell him what I want, don't you think?"

PART EIGHT

YOU'VE got a lovely daughter!"

"What happiness to find a dear girl like that!"

Star caught the words now and then, and she saw the warm welcome in the faces crowding past her. She felt it, too, with a glow of success. They liked her—and it was all hers, the wonderful house, the beautiful flowers, the atmosphere of luxury, of assured wealth, of position; and these people, wonderfully gowned, bejewelled, important, were unanimous in their praise of her! Suddenly it went to her head; she was happy, her eyes shone and her cheeks were aflame, she looked radiant.

Blanchard found a moment to look down at her and smile.

"Like it all, Daughter?"

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Major Outlines and Minor Details

By DR. STERLING B. TALMAGE

Professor of Geology, University of New Mexico

I RECENTLY had occasion to drive several times through an area that appeared to present some exceptionally interesting physiographic problems. I even made a few side trips to examine some particularly interesting relations between certain apparently complex land forms. It seemed as though many details must be worked out before the larger relations could be understood.

Then, late one afternoon, I drove through that area during a thunderstorm. The combination of clouds and dusk dimmed the view greatly; but, just as I reached a vantage point on the road, there came a brilliant flash of lightning.

The effect was startling. All the major relations of the land forms stood out in striking clearness, but neither the brilliance nor the duration of the flash was sufficient to bring into my visual consciousness those minor details that, in the sunlight, had appeared so complex as to obscure the greater outlines.

Later detailed work in that area

was greatly facilitated. Many of the details that had appeared so complex by themselves proved on study to be merely units in a great and simple pattern, the major outlines of which had been glimpsed in a flash.

Even more valuable was the recognition that the same principle applies, not only to the journey through that territory, but to the journey through life. I have seen many problems, of my own and others, clarified in the momentary recognition, as in a flash, of the major outlines of the greater truths, freed from the confusion of obscuring, though related, details.

In brief articles, of which this constitutes the introduction, an attempt will be made to suggest some of these great truths, which have proved to be valuable guides in thinking straight. No attempt will be made to sermonize, or to make specific application. Only the major outlines will be presented, as though glimpsed in a flash; the details can be fitted in by the reader, as I fitted in the details of the landscape in the area described.

Such a fitting of details around a great central truth is a valuable intellectual exercise. I have found it useful as applied to religions, philosophic and scientific problems. The guiding principle may be stated, in the words of one of the wisest men I ever knew, delivered by him to a theological class of which I was a member. The high point of his message to us was:

"Don't be afraid to think."

A Little Ode to Prophecy

By V. Eggertson

IN the pregnant skeleton
Of a lilac tree,
I thought I heard an insect hum
But knew it could not be.

And yet—in April showers,
The faintest sprig to grow
Will faintly smell of flowers
Before the petals show.

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"Oh!" she cried breathlessly, "I love it!"

He laughed indulgently. "There's the music—you'll have to open the ball, dear. Here's Carr now, waiting, I think."

Star found herself passing down a long lane in the smiling throng. The music went to her feet, she seemed to be treading on air, she was scarcely aware that her gloved fingers touched Carr's arm.

The ballroom was in the wing; they entered it through a flower-wreathed corridor. Star saw the shining bare floor and gay figures and smiling young faces everywhere, turned toward her, waiting for her to open the ball. Carr's hand clasped hers; he was bending toward her, then, suddenly, she exclaimed:

"I promised this—where's Mr. Nelson?"

"Not here!" Carr answered, looking around. "You can see for yourself—I haven't seen him tonight."

Star's eyes swept over the smiling groups; two or three young men had started toward her, but not Nelson. She found her engagements crowding fast, but Carr intervened.

"I was to be second," he pleaded. "Stand back, MacGowan, you can't have more than one dance!" he laughed at an eager youth.

Star's face flushed. Where was Nelson? Had he forgotten to dance with her? It couldn't be business that kept him; her father was free! Her heart beat angrily.

"I'm going to open the ball with Mr. MacGowan," she said to Carr, and the young man's face crimsoned with joy.

CARR stood back gracefully; he was a good loser. He showed no anger, jesting with the other young men whom Star had passed over. MacGowan, young, just out of college, was in a seventh heaven. They opened the ball together, Star dancing beautifully.

"She's out of sorts, phew!" young MacGowan told Susan Worthing later. "She wouldn't talk and she kept getting absent-minded. Do you suppose she's engaged already to that old duffer, Carr?"

"Very likely," replied Susan discreetly, eating her ice. "Carr's awfully rich and in all Mr. Blan-

chard's railroad deals, papa says."

"Oh, I see! So Carr's after the daughter. Beastly cub!" Young MacGowan frowned. "That girl's too sweet for him. There, she's dancing with the brute now!"

Susan laughed. "He isn't a brute, he's handsome; so there!"

"By George!" MacGowan exclaimed. "He's in love with her, don't you see it?"

It certainly looked that way to the casual observer. Star was dancing with Carr at last. She had danced faithfully with all her partners and not one of them was Nelson. She had a little flame of anger back in her gray eyes now, but she smiled up at Carr as he bore her toward a long window that was standing open.

"It's close in here, shall we go out?" he asked her.

Star nodded. The room was still full of dancers but Carr swept the curtain aside and they passed out into a balcony over the walled-in city garden.

It was December but the night was mild. The miracle of a city night, the tall buildings looming against the midnight sky, obscuring it, their myriad eyes blinking. Star leaned her hands on the balustrade; she was still thrilled with the excitement of her triumph, she could hear the music and the laughter, the constant swish of moving feet on the bare floor, voices—young, mysterious, seductive to the imagination. Carr came and stood beside her, leaning his back against the balustrade and facing the room, so he could see her outlined there.

"They're still at it," he observed, nodding toward the room.

She turned and looked, too. "How beautiful—I love to see them dance," she said softly.

"It's great, isn't it? I've had a whale of a time dancing with all the pretty girls but you! I've only danced with you twice. Do you know you've been frosty?"

"A good many have asked me to dance, you must remember," she replied, with a demure little smile.

He stared at her. "By George, you're lovely; do you know it?"

SHE said nothing. Her eyes were soft and shadowed in the changing light. The wind blew the long curtain out and swept it past her. Carr caught her wrists and held them, looking into her face.

"I love you!" he breathed hoarsely. "I—see here, we'll call it a deal. I'll never open my lips; you can go on forever as you are—if you'll marry me!"

Star tried to draw away. "I don't know what you mean," she exclaimed. "Please tell me what you mean?"

"I mean this!" Carr caught her in his arms, kissing her on her forehead, her cheeks, her lips. "This—and this—and this!"

Star struggled, held him off, panting, furious. "Let me go, please!" she said in a choked voice.

"No!" he barred her way, something of his determination showing in his eyes. "Not until you listen to me. I tell you I love you. I'm crazy about you, so crazy I've played your hand for you. Now, I want an answer, I want my reward!" He leaned toward her, his face changing in some way, before her eyes, until it was glowing, dominant, triumphant. "Will you pool your interests with mine?" he whispered hoarsely. "I want you, Star, I want you so much that I'm willing to let Blanchard pay the piper for you. Make yourself secure, then, say the word—marry me Star!"

At bay, Star faced him, a bright flush on her face. "Marry you?" she cried. "Of course not! Why, I don't even—like you!"

He straightened himself, his eyes searching hers. "Is that final?"

Star nodded, her own eyes sparkling with anger. "It's final."

He drew his breath. "You refuse to listen—to consider, then?"

The girl was trembling, anger and hurt pride and scorn shook her.

"I don't know what you mean by your bargains; you've said strange things to me. But I answer in one word—a thousand times, no!"

He leaned closer to her as she drew away. "You're sure of it? You're willing to lose it all then? You won't marry me?" He caught her wrists in his strong grip.

Star, struggling, looked past him into the lighted room. There, at the window, looking at her with grave eyes, was Nelson, Nelson who had failed to keep his word and dance with her! She struggled.

"Let me go!" she said to Carr.

As she spoke, Nelson stepped out on the balcony and Carr saw him. Furious, he turned on the young man.

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"Spy!" he said.
Nelson faced him. "You lie!"

CARR lost his temper utterly. He let go of Star's wrists and raised his hand to strike, but Nelson caught his arm and held it in a vise.

"Please go in, Miss Blanchard!" he said, in a smothered tone, looking at her appealingly. His face was white and drawn and his eyes seemed to her to be on fire. Carr was furious, too.

"See here," he began hoarsely, out of breath, "if you two are both in it—"

"This is a pretty place for a fight," Nelson interrupted, looking at him steadily; "have you no sense?"

Star, standing between them, turned from one to the other. She put out her hand again and touched Nelson's; she felt his shake with hardly controlled rage.

"Please go in—" the blood tingled in Star's ears, but she appealed to Nelson—"please don't say anything more—go in!"

The young man looked at her with tortured eyes.

"Do you wish it?" His voice was harsh; he thought she cared for Carr after all. Nothing mattered but that—if she cared!

"I ask it!" the girl whispered.

Nelson bit his lip, dropped Carr's arm, bowed and walked into the house again, leaving the two together.

"She's going to marry that fellow!" he thought, and, remembering Carr's look, he saw red. "Good heavens, if he could get at him alone—if he only could! How like a coward to insult a man before a woman!"

He did not look back. He plunged through the throng of dancers and got out of the house into the night.

(To be Continued)

Career (Continued from page 6)

some simple little thing to do like walking a tight rope," she murmured.

"Here's a reward—for the baby," laughed Martha, as she handed Louise the warm bottle of milk.

"I'll admit he deserves a reward," and taking baby and bottle, she went to the living room and settled down in a large rocking chair.

Going in there some time later Martha found her still holding the sleeping babe.

"You put that child right down," came her voice in a scandalized whisper. "What do you suppose I am going to do if you teach him to be rocked to sleep?"

"Oh, but he was so cute," Louise answered. "He had hold of my finger and I was afraid he'd wake if I moved it."

"Nonsense," sniffed Martha, and taking the sleeping Pat, who did not seem to mind relinquishing the finger in the least, she deposited him in his bed.

Later in the day Martha came into the bedroom and found Louise bending over the tiny cot in tears.

"Oh, Martha," she cried, on glancing up, "give him to me!"

"Why I couldn't—the children would never forgive me."

"Yes they would, if you explained just right. Besides you can get more of your own and I can't."

"But your music—your career! What would become of that?"

"Career!" said Louise contemptuously. "This would be career enough for me and I could practise my music singing him to sleep."

"What about Frank? What would he say?"

"Frank would love it. He has always wanted a baby and so have I only I couldn't make up my mind to adopt one."

"Well, I—"

"Oh, please, Martha, she pleaded. "This may mean the saving of our marriage and our home."

"Of course, if you put it that way—I guess I can't refuse."

Louise bestowed an ecstatic kiss first upon the sleeping infant and then upon Martha and dashed from the room exclaiming, "Come on—help me get ready!"

"Get ready for what?"

"To go home. I must get back for Christmas."

Rushing to her bedroom she came back with two suitcases.

"Will you lend me enough clothes to last until I can buy some?"

"Surely—help yourself to everything in those drawers."

Louise began packing feverishly. In the midst of her preparations she paused a moment and called to Martha, "Will you please phone

in a message to Western Union for me?"

"Certainly," replied Martha, searching for pencil and paper.

Louise held a fluffy pink shawl to her cheek for a moment and began, "To Mr. Frank Mason, 601 Walsh Bldg., Los Angeles, California. I am returning home for Christmas stop Arrive Friday stop Bringing baby stop Buy bed bug-gy and Christmas tree stop.

"Yes," interrupted Martha dryly, "I think that is a good place to stop."

"Oh, you don't think he is too young for a tree, do you?"

"No one is ever too young or too old for a tree, my dear," answered Martha with a wise smile.

* * * * *

ONCE more, on Christmas night, Martha sat before her cheery fireplace. The happy, tired children had finally been persuaded to go to bed accompanied by such toys as their mother would allow space for.

Spencer leaned over and patted his wife's hand. "You're a great little manager, Mother," he said. "There are mighty few families who have so much on so little."

"I'll say she's a great manager," said Dr. Jim from the depths of his armchair. "Did Louise suspect that you had brought that baby here expressly for her?"

Martha smiled. "Not yet. She may in time—but she'll always be grateful."

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"What would you have done if she hadn't offered to take him?"

"Oh, I should have kept him myself. But I wasn't afraid of that. I knew that no woman could resist a baby once she had bathed him." She leaned back and smiled dreamily as the words of the song came into her mind, "Unto us a son is given."



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Women in the Modern World

(Continued from page 26)

and at the same time the number of employed married women increased four-fold.

During the depression the problem of the married woman worker has aroused a great deal of discussion. In Utah and many other states, boards of education have not only discontinued hiring new married women teachers, but have actually turned out of their service, the older teachers in point of tenure, who are married. In a survey made in 1930 by the National Education Association it was found that out of fifteen hundred cities, 77% reported that they did not employ married women as new teachers.

What Women Do

WHAT occupations do women engage in? Here again the census figures give us some illuminating information. The largest single group of the gainfully employed is that designated by the census as "domestic and personal service." There are 3,438,000 women in this work, which includes such services as barbers, hairdressers, boarding house keepers, cleaners, elevator tenders, laundresses, midwives and nurses, servants, waitresses, etc. This represents approximately a third of the 10,152,116 women over ten years of age, who were gainfully employed in 1930. There were 1,986,830 occupied in clerical positions, while the next largest group was that engaged in "manufacturing and mechanical industries" amounting to 1,886,307. The percentage of gainfully employed women is increasing in the "professional service" group, "clerical service," "trade and transportation," and "public service," while it is declining in the "domestic and personal service" group, in "agriculture," and "manufacturing and mechanical industries." There is a notable increase in the numbers of women restaurant keepers and waitresses, occupations in which the trends are indicative of modern urban dwelling. In the case of restaurant keepers, women are nearly four times as numerous today as they were in 1910, while

men increased by two and a half times. Ninety-four percent of the women included in the group, "transportation and communication," are telephone operators, while 83% of those engaged in "trade" are sales persons and clerks in stores. Of the nearly 2,000,000 women engaged in clerical work, 39% are stenographers and typists, 36% are clerks, and 24% are listed as bookkeepers and cashiers. Figures gathered by the U. S. Office of Education indicate a marked increase in 1914 in the number of girls attending commercial and business courses in schools.

Women in Professions

OF the women in the "professional group," the vast majority are in the teaching profession or engaged in nursing. There is an increase in the number of women enrolled in law schools from 170 in 1900 to 2,216 in 1928, but there is no marked tendency for the total number engaged in law to increase at a rapid rate. In the profession of medicine the number has actually declined. There seems to be some evidence of a definite restriction on medical opportunities for women, as illustrated by the fact that out of 660 hospitals in the United States approved for internships, only five, representing a total of 37 internships, are restricted to women and only 48.6% of the internships of the entire group of hospitals are open to women, and of these many appoint women only very rarely. In the profession of the ministry women increased from 181 or two percent of all registrations in divinity schools 1900, to 1,177 or fourteen percent in 1922, but between 1922 and 1926 the proportion fell to eleven percent. In 1928 there was a further slight decline, both in numbers and in the percentage of the total. Undoubtedly the status of women in this profession is determined by traditions of the churches with respect to the proper place of women. Many of them deny women any participation at all in positions of leadership. Some grant equal rights, others limit the administration entirely to men, although women may be allowed to vote. Women, in many of the great nations are protesting against these traditional barriers, and protesting with some

success. They are asking for equal participation with man on the basis of ability rather than on the basis of sex.

Women Enter Politics

THE place of women in government corresponds to some extent to their place in the ministry. It has long been considered that men were to be the administrators of government offices. It was only thirteen years ago in 1920 that the ratification of the twentieth amendment permitting women to vote in national elections was passed. Preceding the ratification there had to be carried on "fifty-six campaigns for ratification of amendments to state constitutions, nearly five hundred organized efforts with legislatures, two hundred seventy-seven appearances at state party conventions, thirty appeals before national political conventions, and nine campaigns with successive congresses." There is no convincing evidence as to trends with respect to women in governmental activities, but it seems safe to say, that without unusual campaigns such as those conducted by the League of Women Voters, women will be no more anxious to exercise their franchise than are men. The further question as to whether they will uniformly place their influence on the side of righteous causes to any greater extent than men, is also an interesting field for speculation.

With these trends in mind, namely, the declining birth rate; the increasing percentage of married women in gainful occupations, as well as the increasing number of total women engaged in income producing activities; with a steadily rising divorce rate; with a steadily increasing percentage of the total population becoming female; with the increasing release of time in the household due to the development of specialized services on the outside; what is the outlook for women? Everyone must realize that we are indeed at the end of one era, and the beginning of another. A new world is being made today, just as a new world was made, or in the making, one hundred years ago. I repeat, one of the dramatic developments of this past hundred years has been the emancipation of women. What role can she play, and will she play, in the world tomorrow?

Your Page and Ours

ELDER WARD IS ASKING IN PLENTY OF TIME FOR THIS YEAR'S INDEX

October 30, 1933.
Basel, Switzerland.

Dear Editor:

IN that we are planning to have a few volumes of the *Era* bound, we would appreciate receiving ten indexes for the 1932-33 editions of *The Improvement Era*, Volume 36.

All of *The Improvement Eras* for the year 1931-32 are bound in a volume in our office, but we cannot receive the full benefit from them, because we do not have an index for this volume, No. 35. We would certainly appreciate it very much if you would kindly have two copies of the index for volume 35 sent to us.

We wish to congratulate you on *The Improvement Era*. We, the workers in the Mission Office, and also the elders in the field, look forward to *The Improvement Era* every month.

Sincerely,

Swiss-German Mission,
J. Quale Ward, Mission Secretary.

WE WISH MR. LARSEN'S DAUGHTER A SPECIAL HAPPY NEW YEAR

Thayne, Wyoming, October 12, 1933.

Dear Editor:

JUST 432 years ago today Columbus set foot on American soil. I have been trying to imagine how he felt on that day. In looking over this valley in its beautiful autumn dress, I believe I get a spark of the same fire that burned within his soul. *The Era* holds first place in this home, so far as reading is concerned.

I have a little girl 13 years of age who is a "book worm" and a fairly good judge of reading for her age, who said: "O, Daddy, aren't you going to send for the *Era*?" Times are hard, but here's your two dollars—send it along. Success to you in your labors.

Very truly yours,
David Larsen.

Thanks.

A MARKER ON THE OLD TRAIL

Indianola, Utah.

Dear Editor:

I AM sending a picture I took of Rebecca Winter's grave while on a mission in Nebraska. I think it unusual and took it as the train was passing fast. You may want to print it in the *Era* sometime.

I think *The Improvement Era* is the best magazine there is. I want to keep it coming to my home for 50 years.

Sincerely,
Orvin E. Wilde.

THE M. I. A. BOOK OF PLAYS IS APPRECIATED

THE GOLDEN RULE FOUNDATION
Lincoln Bldg., 60 E. 42nd St.
New York City, N. Y.

October 20, 1933.

Mr. W. O. Robinson.

Field Secretary, Y. M. I. A.,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dear Mr. Robinson:

I HAVE just received your manual and the book of plays. (I only go to the church office occasionally for mail as I am working temporarily at the Golden Rule Foundation on a book which they are preparing to go to press.)

Perhaps it is partly because I am right in the thick of it that I can so well appreciate what all this means. Anyway I am looking at your publication with reverence and awe. What a quantity of synchron-

ized detail they represent. I can see that the mere matter of set-up alone has not been exactly a picnic. And the gathering together of all the concrete information on various activities must have been a tremendous job.

I want you to believe that I am most sincere when I congratulate you enthusiastically on both the organization of the program and its method of presentation. The manual alone would be a valuable book for any group leader to have. I find mine already traveling around from desk to desk, so I am taking the liberty of asking if you will mail me a couple more copies as I can readily see that I'm not going to be able to hold on to this one.

I consider it an honor to be in your contest volume and only wish I could occasionally help some of the young groups with their productions. You may not know that I taught Play Production at Columbia for nine years and have done quite a bit of Little Theatre as well as Church directing.

I shall take pleasure in sending you a copy of our Golden Rule book when it comes out. In the meantime if you are ever in New York I shall be delighted if you will look me up.

Very sincerely yours,

Clarice V. McCauley.

G. HOMER DURHAM, 43 Tavistock Square, London, W. C. 1, writes in part: "Honest to goodness, the old publication is like fish and chips to the Englishman after ten years on a milk diet. Believe it or not, months are reckoned, not by date of release, but by the arrival of the monthly stack of *Eras*, so help me. We do appreciate it—believe it or not. May I send you a copy of the British Missionaries' Association 'Harbinger' some time? Just to let you know we are carrying on the torch over here—in our weak way."

WE HOPE NO ONE MAKES THIS MISTAKE THIS YEAR

CORNELIUS VAN DER DOES, of Ogden, writes: "After having been a subscriber to *The Improvement Era* since 1908 we felt that same must make way last year to take care, as we thought, of more important and needed necessities. Now we have discovered, to our sorrow, that we eliminated the most vital life-giving messenger that came to our home, 'the still small voice' we so often speak of."

IT has been many years since I first saw B. H. Roberts—his head erect, his brilliant eyes made more brilliant by the spirit of the occasion, his firm lips shaping words which seemed to be shafts forged on the anvil of God—speaking in the great tabernacle. To me he was then a preacher to be placed among the great of the world. Since then I have heard scores of men among whom were those whose voices have been broadcast upon every breeze, upon whose words multitudes have hung enthralled, but I have heard none greater than he in amassing his arguments and facts and in focusing them upon the point at issue. To see him was to admire and respect him; to hear him was to feel and to believe"—M.

Nov. 23, 1933.

DEAR Editor: I have recently had a sample copy of your publication and was pleasantly surprised at how attractively it is gotten up—both in appearance and content.

Very sincerely yours,

Miss M. K.

P. S. I was also pleased to note that your journal takes a definite stand against tobacco and alcohol. I believe these are very harmful to the body.



The lonely grave beside the new iron trail

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